# The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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### LOVE REVEALED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Such a trite and graceless sinner,
You would wonder I could win her,
She as white as purest snow.
From my lot of ill defend her,
For she loves me true and tender,
Her warm blushes told me so.

Heariness may gather o'er me,
And the way look dark before me,
As it ofttimes will below;
I will pass it by unheeding,
For she loves me, at my pleading,
Her clear eyes have told me so.

O'er the changeless seas a sailing,
With our hope and faith unfailing,
In the sunshine we will go,
All and all, and never parted,
For she loves me, the true hearted,
Her dear lips have told me so.

MARIE S. L.

## THE WHITE SQUAW.

### A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &C.

### CHAPTER V.

#### PLAIN SPEECH.

The backwoodsman preserved a wary look, as if suspicious of an attempt to corrupt him.

He was not disarmed. Cris Carrol knew himself to be incorruptible.

"Well, Mr. Carrol," proceeded the governor, after a pause, "you know that my settlement has prospered, and, as you may imagine, I have made money along with the rest?"

"Yes, I know that," was the curt answer.

"And, having now got a little ahead of the world, I feel that I have a right to indulge some of my fancies. I want a better house, for instance."

"Do you, now?" said Cris.

"And so I've made up my mind to build; and I want a good site. Now you see what I am driving at?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I do exactly."

"Why, Cris, you are dull to-day. I say I want a good site for my new house."

"Well, ain't you got hundreds of acres—enough and to spare for the most tremendous big house as was ever built?"

"That's true; but on all my land there's not a spot I really like. Does that seem strange to you?"

"Mighty strange to me, but, perhaps, not so strange to you, governor."

"But there is a bit of ground, Cris," continued Elias, "that I do like exceedingly. The worst of it is, it's not mine."

"Why don't you buy it?"

"Just what I wish to do; but the owner won't sell."

"Perhaps you don't offer enough."

"No, that's not the reason."

"What is it, then?"

"Do you know the top of the hill?" abruptly asked Rody.

"What, where the Injuns make their camp?"

"Yes; that's the place where I want to build. Oluski won't sell that piece of property to me—why, I don't know."

The governor did not stick very closely to the truth while talking on matters of business.

"Wal, what have I to do with that?" asked the backwoodsman.

"Why, I thought if you were to see Oluski, perhaps you might talk him into letting me have the ground. I've set my mind on it; and I wouldn't care if it cost me a good round sum. I'll pay you well for any trouble you may take in helping me."

Elias Rody had but one estimation of his fellow man, and that was, that every one has his price.

In the present instance he was mistaken.

"It won't do, governor, it won't do," said Carrol, shaking his head. "I see, now, plain as can be, what you're after. But I won't help you in it. If you want the property, and Oluski won't let you have it, then the Injun's got his own reasons, and it ain't for me to try and change 'em. Besides," added he, "I don't like the job; so no offence meant, but I must say no—and I says it once and for all. Is that all you've got to say to me?"

The governor bit his lips with vexation, but, possessing a wonderful command over his temper, he merely inquired what his son had said about Nelatu.

"Well, sir, he didn't say much about anything special, except to ask me to look after the Injun lad, and see to his wounds; I did that in first-class style. And as I told you afore, *he's* all right. Your son has been down every day to see my patient, as the doctor chaps calls them they physics. He 'peared mighty anxious to know how it was that he had come over to this part of the country alone, and where was the young girl, his sister."

"Ah! so he was inquiring about her, was he?" exclaimed Rody, rising, and pacing the hut with restless steps. He was glad of a pretext for his rage.

"SANSUTA, YOUR COUSIN, WACORA, STANDS BEFORE YOU."

The backwoodsman uttered a prolonged whistle.

Suddenly pausing in his impatient strides, the governor faced towards him.

"So he was anxious about her, was he?"

Elias Rody was evidently out of temper, and not now afraid to show it. But Carrol was not exactly the person to care much about this.

"He was," was his cool answer; "but I don't know how I've got anything to do with it, except to tell him and you, too, for the matter of that, that the red man has his rights and feelings. Yes, and they're both worth considerin' as much as if they war pale-faces like ourselves."

"And why to me, sir?" asked the governor.

"Well, just because I ain't afraid to say to your face what I'd say behind your back, and that is, that your son had better stop thinking about that gurl, Sansuta, as soon as may be, and that you'd best see to it afore worse happens."

A very outspoken man was the backwoodsman, and Elias Rody was sorry now for having visited him.

Before he could recover from his surprise, Carrol resumed speech.

"There ain't no good, governor, in mincing matters. Last year when Oluski war here, your son war always prowlin' 'bout the Injun encampment, and down in the grove whar thar gurl used to be. He war always a talkin' to the chief's darter, and making presents to her. I know what I seed, and it warn't just the thing."

"Perfect natural, man," said the governor, mastering his chagrin, and speaking calmly; "perfectly natural all that, seeing that Nelatu, Sansuta, and my son grew up as children together."

"All that may be, but it ain't no use applyin' it now that they're most growed up to be man and woman, and you knows it, governor, as well as I do; as for Nelatu, he don't amount to chucks; and I sometimes wonder whether he is Oluski's son after all."

The home truth in the first part of Carrol's speech pleased the "governor" as little as any of his previous remarks, and surprised at the freedom of the backwoodman's language, he was silent.

Not so Cris, who had evidently determined to say more. His garrulity was unusual; and once started he was too honest to hold his peace.

"Governor, there's many things I've had in me to say to you at a convenient time. That time's come, I reckon, and I may as well clur it off my mind. I don't belong to your colony. I'm only a 'cassional visitor, but I sees and hears things as others don't seem to dare to tell you o', though why I can't fancy; for you're only a man after all, although you air the head man o' the settlement. As near as I can fix it in my mind, all yur people hev settled hyar on land that once belonged to the Injun. This being the case, it seems to me that the same laws as is made for the white man is made for the red-skins too. Now, governor, it ain't so: or, if they are made, they ain't carried out; and, when there's an advantage to be got for the white man at the expense of the Injun, why you see, the law's strained just a leetle to give it. It's only a leetle now, but by-and-bye it'll be a good deal. I know you'll say that's only natural, too, because that's the way you think; but I tell you, Mr. Rody," here Carrol became excited, "that it *ain't* natural no how; and it ain't right; and, therefore, mischief's sure to come o' it. Now, I tell *you* because you've more brains and more money than any o' the rest, of course you've got more to answer for. So them's my sentiments, and you're welcome to them whether you like 'em or no."

"Well, Mister Carrol," replied Rody, with a withering emphasis on the "Mister," "I'm glad you've given me your opinion—it's a valuable one no doubt."

"I don't know whether it's a valuable one but I know it's a honest one," answered Cris, with a quiet dignity, that, despite his rough dress, bespoke him a gentleman. "I have no object in giving advice to you, governor. I only feel it a duty, and I like to discharge my duties. The same way I thinks about your son Warren running after this Injun girl. No good 'll come o' that neyther."

Whatever reply the "governor" would have made to this last observation was cut short by the entrance of Warren Rody himself.

Seen now in the light of open day the young man presented a strange contrast to his father. Of small stature, effeminate countenance, restless, shifting eyes, and a vacillating expression of mouth, he did not look like the son of the hard, rugged man who stood beside him.

He was neatly, almost foppishly dressed, and had a self-sufficient air not altogether pleasant. He seemed like one who would rather pass through the world with oily smoothness, that assert himself with confidence of power and honesty of purpose.

By one of those strange mental impressions impossible to account for, both Cris and the "governor" felt that Warren had been a listener.

If so, he did not betray any sign of annoyance at what he had heard, but stood smilingly tapping his boot with a handsome riding-whip.

"Ah, father, you here? Have you come to see the invalid, or to say, 'good-bye' to the hunter, who tells me he is off to the wilderness to-morrow?"

His father did not answer him, but turning to Carrol, said—

"The matter I intended to have spoken to you about will do at another time; but I'm still much obliged to you for your *good* advice."

This was spoken with as much cutting politeness as could be well pressed into the speech.

As he turned to leave, he said, aside to his son—

"Be home early, Warren. I have something particular to say to you."

Warren nodded, and his father passed out of the house not at all pleased with the interview between himself and the backwoodsman.

Nothing disconcerts scheming men more than blunt honesty.

As soon as the governor was gone, Carrol commenced humming a song. His new visitor waited for several moments before speaking to him.

"How is Nelatu?" he at length asked. "Will he be strong enough to travel to-morrow?"

"Not quite," said Carrol, pausing in the chorus part of his ditty; "he'd best remain here till his people come. They won't be long now, and the stay will give him time to get right smart."

"What was it that vexed my father, Cris?"

"Well, I don't know 'cept he's took somethin' that's disagreed with him. He *do* seem riled considerable."

"But, Cris, are you really off to-morrow?"

"By sunrise!" answered Carrol.

"Which way are you going?"

Cris looked slyly at his questioner before answering.

"I don't know for sure whether it'll be along the bay, or across the big swamp. The deer are gettin' scarce near the settlement, and I have to go further to find 'em. That's all along of civilization!"

"If you go by the swamp, you might do me a service," said Warren.

"Might I?" Then, after a thoughtful pause, the backwoodsman continued—"Well, you see, Warren, it won't be by the swamp. I've made my mind up now, and I'm goin' along the bay."

Warren said,

"All right; no matter."

Then, with a word of explanation, parted from Cris, and proceeded to find Nelatu.

As soon as he was out of sight, Carrol's behaviour would have furnished a comic artist a capital subject for a sketch. He chuckled, winked his eyes, wagged his head, rubbed his hands, and seemed to shake all over with suppressed merriment.

"A pair of the artfullest cusses I ever comed across. Darn my pictur, if the young 'un ain't most too good. War I goin' by the swamp, 'cos then I might do him a service? No, no, Mister Warren, this coon ain't to be made a cat's-paw of by you nor yur father neyther. I ain't agoin' to mix myself up in either of your scrapes, leastways, not if I knows it; nor Nelatu shan't if I can help it. I don't let him stir still his fellow Indins come, and, may-be, that'll keep him out o' trouble. No, Master Warren, you must do yur own dirty work, and so must yur father. Cris Carrol shan't help either o' you in that. If the young 'un don't mind what he's heard, altho' he made believe he didn't, and his father don't mind what I told him, there'll be worse come of it."

### CHAPTER VI.

#### CROOKLEG.

When young Rody took his departure from Carrol's hut, he went off in no very enviable mood.

His interview with Nelatu, although of the briefest, had been as unproductive of results as that with the blunt old backwoodsman.

The plain speaking indulged in by Carrol, and which he had overheard before entering the cabin, had annoyed him, while the oracular manner adopted by Cris in no way assuaged the feeling.

The fact of the matter is, that the old hunter had made a clear guess at the truth.

Warren had a passion for Sansuta, the daughter of Oluski.

Not a manly, loving passion, though.

Her beauty had cast a spell upon him. Had his soul been pure, the spell would have worked its own cure. Out of the magic of her very simplicity would have arisen chaste love.

But his heart was wicked, and its growth weeds.

Hitherto the difference of race had shielded from harm the object of his admiration. He would have been ashamed to avow it in an honest way.

Secretly, therefore, he had feigned a false friendship for her brother, as a mask to conceal his base treachery.

In the incident with which our tale opens, he had found a ready means of advancing his own interests by more closely cementing Nelatu's simple friendship, and moulding to his will.

We have said that Red Wolf, the would-be assassin, fell by the bullet of his rifle.

With his hand upon the trigger, and in the very act of sending this wretch to his account, a thought had flashed across young Rody's mind, which made his aim more certain.

Let us explain.

Nelatu said that Red Wolf had spoken wicked words of Sansuta and of Warren.

The very conjunction of their names supplied the calumny.

Nelatu spoke truly, but what he did not know was that the wretch who paid the forfeit of his life for his foul speech was only the dupe of Nelatu's own friend, Warren Rody.

Red Wolf, an idle, drunken scamp, had been a fit instrument in Rody's hands to be employed as a messenger between him and the Indian girl.

For these services, Red Wolf received repeated compensation in gold.

But the old story of the bad master becoming discontented with a bad servant was true in this case.

Warren was afraid that Red Wolf would in one of his drunken orgies, talk too much, and betray the secret with which he had entrusted him.

So far, he was right, for it was whilst endeavoring to warn Nelatu of his sister's danger that Red Wolf made use of language about the girl.

He had reviled Nelatu's sister while traducing his friend.

The issue is already known.

Wicked were Warren's thoughts as he stood, rifle in hand, watching the two.

If Red Wolf—and he recognized him at once—were removed in the very act of killing Nelatu, a dangerous tongue would be for ever silenced, while Nelatu's friendship would be further secured, and Sansuta eventually become his.

The decision was taken, the bullet sent through Red Wolf's brain, and Warren Rody accomplished a part of his design.

Having succeeded so far, it was terribly mortifying to find that one clear-sighted individual had penetrated his schemes, and without appearing to do so, had placed a restraint upon the otherwise warm sense of gratitude with which Nelatu regarded him.

All this Cris Carrol had done, and, therefore, Warren Rody was angry with him.

He left the cabin, vowing vengeance upon Carrol, and casting about for the means to accomplish it.

He had not long to wait, or far to seek.

At the end of the by-road upon which the backwoodsman's dwelling stood, he encountered the very tool suitable for his purpose.

It was in the person of a negro, with a skin black as Erebus, who was seen perched upon the top of a tall fence.

He was odd enough looking to attract the attention of the most careless traveller.

His head, denuded of the old ragged piece of felt he called hat, was unusually large, and covered with an enormous shock of tightly-curling wool.

This did not, however, conceal the apish form of the skull, that bore a strong resemblance to that of a chimpanzee.

Rolling and sparkling in a field of white, were eyes preternaturally large, and wickedly expressive, above a nose and mouth of the strongest African type.

His arms were ludicrously long, and seemed by their unusual proportions to make up for the shortness, and impish form of the body.

He was whistling in a discordant strain some wild melody, and kicking his heels about like one possessed.

As Warren Rody approached, he paused in his ear-splitting music, and leaped nimbly from his perch, whilst flourishing his tattered felt in a sort of salutation.

It might have been observed that he was lame, and the few halting steps he took imparted a droll, hobbling motion to his diminutive body.

His dress was a curious warp of rags, woven, as it were, upon a still more ragged woof.

They were held together more by sympathy than cohesion.

In his right hand was a stout gnarled stick, with which he assisted himself in his frog-like progress.

At sight of young Rody, the huge mouth of this uncouth creature seemed to open from ear to ear.

"Ha, ha! Whoo, whoo! Gor bress me, if it ain't Massa Warren hisself dat I see! My stars, massa, but dis ole man am glad to see ye, dat he is!"

Such was his salutation.

The young man came to a stop, and surveyed the negro with a smile.

"Well, Crookleg, what do you want with me, you old fiend?"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho! Bress him, what a

brave young gen'lman it is! How han'som'—jess like a pictur'. What do the ole fien' want? Why, he want a good deal, massa, a good deal."

"Are you out of work again?"

"Ha, ha, ain't done a blessed stroke of work, massa, for more nor two week! Ain't, 'pon dis old nigger's solemn word! Ain't had it, massa, to do. Poor Crookleg am most used up, sa, most used up."

As if to prove his last assertion the hideous wretch cut a high caper into the air, and settled down again in a grotesque attitude.

Young Rody laughed heartily at this feat, slapped his riding-whip roughfully across the negro's back, pitched a piece of silver to him, and passed on.

Whilst Crookleg stooped to pick up the coin he glanced after him under his arm, and saw, with some surprise, that the youth had paused at a few paces distance as if in thought.

After a time the latter faced round and came back along the road.

"By the way, Crookleg," said he, "come up to the house, my sister may have something to give you."

"Ha, ha! he, he! Miss Alice, bress her, so she may, massa! I'll come, sartin; dis old nigga's always glad to get what he can from Miss Alice."

"And," continued Rody, "ask for me when you come. I may find something for you to do that'll help you along a little."

Not staying to hear the voluble expressions of gratitude with which Crookleg overwhelmed him, Warren strode on and was soon lost to sight.

The moment of his disappearance the darkey perpetrated another aerial leap, and then hobbled off in a direction opposite to that pursued by the governor's son.

He could be heard muttering as he went—

"Wants to see dis chile, does he? Why, dat looks good for de ole nigger; and, who knows, but what de long time am a coming to an end, and all dis ole nigger's work is gwine to be done for him by odder folk. He, he! dat would make dis chile bust a laffin! He, he, he!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TWO CHIEFS.

Our story now takes us fifty miles inland from Tampa Bay.

The spot on the edge of an everglade.

The hour noon.

The dramatis personæ two Indians.

One an old man, the other in the prime of life.

The first white-headed, wrinkled, and with traces of a life spent in action.

He presented an appearance at once striking and picturesque as he stood beneath the shade of a tall palm tree.

His dress was half Indian, half hunter.

A buckskin shirt, leggings, and moccasins richly worked with beads; a wampum-belt crossed his shoulder; a scarlet blanket hung at his back, its folds displaying a figure which, in its youth, must have been superb.

It still showed, in the broad chest and powerful limbs, almost its pristine strength.

Upon his head he wore a band of bead-work, in which were stuck three wing feathers of the war-eagle.

His face was full of dignity and calm repose.

It was Oluski, the Seminole chief.

His companion was no less remarkable.

As he lay stretched upon the ground leaning on one elbow, his face upturned towards that of the old man, a striking contrast was presented.

Like Oluski, his dress was also half-Indian, half-hunter, but more richly ornamented with bead-work, whilst a certain careful disposition of the attire seemed not inappropriate to his youth and bearing.

It was, however, in his features that the difference was chiefly apparent.

In the attitude he had assumed, a ray of sunshine, piercing a break between the trees, illumined his countenance.

Instead of the coppery color of the Indian, his skin was of a rich olive, an unmistakable sign that white blood flowed in his veins.

He was remarkably handsome. His features were regular, well defined and admirably chiselled. His eyes were large and lustrous, overarched by a forehead that denoted the possession of intellect.

Like the old man, he wore a plume of eagle's feathers on his head, as also a wampum belt; but in lieu of a blanket, a robe made of skin of the spotted lynx was thrown over his shoulders.

Oluski was the first to speak.

"Must Wacora depart to-day?" he asked.

"At sunset I must leave you, uncle," replied the youth, who was his nephew, already spoken of as Wacora.

"And when do you return?"

"Not till you come back from Tampa Bay. I have still much to do. My father's death has still placed me in a position of trust, and I must not neglect its duties."

"I and my tribe depart from this place in seven days."

"And Nelatu, where is he?" asked Wacora.

"I expected him ere this. He and Red Wolf went away together."

Oluski was ignorant of what had happened.

"They went upon a hunting excursion, and if not able to return in time, were to go on to the bay, and there await our coming."

"You still make your summer encampment upon the hill. I have not seen it since I was a boy. It is a shame, too, since our people are buried there."

"Yes; and, therefore, it is dear to you as to me."

"And yet the whites have a settlement near it. It was your gift to them, uncle, I remember that."

Wacora said this with an accent that sounded almost sneering.

The old chief answered warmly.

"Well, I owed their chief a debt of gratitude. I paid it. He is my friend."

"*Friend!*" said Wacora, with a bitter smile; "since when has the pale-face been a friend to the red man?"

"Still unjust, Wacora. I thought you had changed. The foolish sentiments of youth should give place to the wisdom of age."

Oluski's eye brightened as he spoke. His heart swelled with noble feelings.

"I do not, will not, trust in the white man!" answered the young chief. "What has he done to our race that we should believe in him? Look at his acts and then trust him if you can. Where are the Mohawks, the Shawnees, the Delawares and the Narragansets? How has the white man kept faith with them?"

"All white men are not alike," responded Oluski. "A pale-face befriended me when I required aid. The deed always weighs against the word. I could not be ungrateful."

"Well, Oluski's gratitude has been proved," returned Wacora. "But let him beware of those on whom it has been bestowed."

The old chief did not answer, but stood in an attitude of thought.

Ideas, slumbering till now, were awakened by Wacora's words. An unknown feeling appeared to gain possession of him.

So contagious is mistrust.

The nephew, too, seemed lost in thought. Still lying upon the ground he idly plucked the petals of a flower growing by his side.

The conversation was at length resumed by his uncle.

"I have nothing to charge the white chief with or his people. Our tribe yearly visits the place. We are welcomed on arrival, respected during our stay, and unmolested at leaving. No, Wacora, these white men are not like others."

"Uncle, all white men are the same. They make their homes in our land. When space is needed the Indian must yield to them. What faith or friendship can exist where there is no equality? Do not the Seminoles suffer at this very moment from the white man's ambition? Are not their hunting grounds profaned by his presence—their towns pillaged for his fancied wrongs? Your *friend* is a white man, and, therefore, the enemy of your race."

Wacora spoke passionately.

The Indian is not always a savage. The reverse is often the case. In every tribe there are men of education, of quick intelligence, and with a high sense of right.

Both Oluski and Wacora were superior men, in the sense that education and natural intelligence gave the stamp of superiority over ignorance and superstition.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### SANSUTA.

As we have said, Wacora had white blood in his veins.

His mother was a Spaniard, the daughter of a planter, who had lived near the town of St. Augustine.

Almost a child at the time of her capture, she eventually forgot her own kindred, and became devoted to the chief who had been her captor.

It ended in her becoming his wife, and the mother of Wacora.

Albeit, that in Wacora's veins white blood flowed, his soul was Indian, and he loved his father's people as if he had been of their purest blood.

He was a patriot of the most enthusiastic stamp.

His judgment, clear in most things, was clouded in estimating the qualities of the white race, simply because he had seen the worst phases of their character, its cupidity and selfishness.

Oluski would have answered his companion's address, but the same train of disagreeable thought that had entered his mind at the first part of Wacora's speech, held him silent.

Wacora proceeded.

"Enough, uncle. I did not intend to trouble you with my feelings; I meant only to warn you against danger, for danger exists in all dealings with the pale-faces. They, as ourselves, are true to their instincts, and those instincts blind them to justice. Your friend, the White Chief, may be all you think of him. If so, he will rather admire your caution than blame you for mistrust; natural, because 'not careless.'"

Whatever reply Oluski intended was postponed by the arrival of a third person, at whose coming Wacora sprang from the ground with a gesture of surprise and admiration.

The new-comer was an Indian maiden. A perfect wood nymph!

She was a girl of slight stature, beautifully rounded limbs, with hands and feet unusually small.

Her dress was simplicity itself, yet so gracefully worn that it seemed the result of labored art.

A tunic of bright-colored cloth, clasped round her neck by a silver brooch, descended to her ankles, while around her waist was twisted a scarf of many colors; over her shoulders fell a bright cloth mantle, bordered with shells worked into delicate patterns; upon her head was a beadwork cap, trimmed with the plumes of the white eagle, like a fringe of newly-fallen snow; her wrists were encircled with bead bracelets, whilst embroidered moccasins covered her small feet.

She smilingly approached Oluski and nestled close to the old chief.

Wacora seemed puzzled by the fair presence.

"I had forgotten," said Oluski, "that you are strangers to each other. Sansuta, your cousin, Wacora, stands before you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Missing People in New York.

The records kept by the authorities of the Metropolitan Police show, that more than nine hundred persons, to their knowledge, are every year "lost" within the territory over which they have oversight. This estimate does not comprehend the dozens of lost children who are picked up, wailing and disconsolate, in every ward in the city, every day, and restored to their distracted parents before they have been twenty-four hours away; but these nine hundred persons are those whose prolonged and unaccountable absence has become an agony to their friends, and to find whom the aid of the police is invoked. "The Metropolitan Police District of the State of New York comprises the counties of New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond, and the towns of Newtown, Flushing, and Jamaica, in the County of Queens," thus including the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn, besides, a score or so of populous villages.

WHEN TO CATCH FISH.—An old fisherman states that if a man wants to catch fish whenever he visits the creek, let him not pick the full-moon days to do it in. He gives a philosophical reason for the advice—whether sound or not, we cannot decide. He says, when the moon is full, the nights being bright, enables the fish to do all their foraging in the night time. Of course, having their wants supplied, they lie up all day, and consequently, there is a scarcity of "bites." Under a new moon season, the fish have to sleep at night and work by day, that makes the difference in the fisherman's string.

☞ Of 79 new serial publications which have appeared in London since the beginning of the year, only seven are now in existence.

☞ A wise man once said, "It has been a source of weakness to every nation under Heaven, that its women have had but little to do, and a great deal to say."


# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.


## TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

### REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

A medical writer in an English periodical, gives the following "certain cure" for toothache. He says the proposed remedy is not a dangerous one—but we should think it best to be careful, and to avoid swallowing much of so deadly a poison as aconite:

Why the two fell tortures of gout and toothache are so commonly regarded as ailments absolved from pity, I know not of my own knowledge, and never found any one who did. Toothache has this advantage over gout, that it is always alleviable, and that in most instances without removing the tooth. Few, very few, aching teeth will resist the application of aconite judiciously used; and though aconite be a poison, and the treatment sounds poisonous, yet in any but the most careless hands it may be used to stop toothache with impunity. The best mode of application is this: having immersed some cotton-wool in tincture of aconite poured into a dish and set in a warm place, wait until the tincture has evaporated and left the cotton-wool impregnated with aconite paste. This paste-mixture of cotton and aconite is what the tooth is to be filled with. Pain usually departs in about ten minutes. It is not intended that the patient shall swallow any part of this aconite paste or its products; but even if deglutition do occur no poisoning will ensue, the quantity of the active principle of aconite thus capable of finding its way to the stomach being insufficient to develope any bad consequences. There is an incorporation of arsenic and morphia slightly more efficacious than aconite for alleviating toothache; but it is altogether too dangerous for domestic or private use.

### THE PRIZE ENIGMA.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Parker, dated "Casstown, July 13, 1868:"—

DEAR SIR,—I will see our P. M. this week regarding your request in the Post. I cannot conceive why Miss Osgood has not written you.

I have received a good many poems competing for the prize, but circumstances have come to such a focus that I will not be able to purchase the book. I could get a cheap one, but it is not the kind I want. Therefore I am compelled to give up the enterprize. Those wanting their poems returned can have it done by addressing me with stamp. Please tell your readers this. I regret much that I am forced to this strait. Truly, H. C. PARKER.

Mr. Parker's "circumstances" seem to have come to a very small "focus" indeed, when he cannot purchase a not very costly book. We condole with Mr. Parker. We begin to fear that he will come out of the small end of the horn in every respect—but we certainly hope he will be able to send us the Postmaster's evidence that he deposited a book for Miss Osgood in the Casstown office.

THE COST OF A NATION'S LIQUOR.—We take the following from one of our exchanges:—

The New York Examiner has compiled a curious table, concerning the cost of liquors sold by retail in this country during one year. Mr. Wells, in his report for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1867, shows that the cost of liquor to the consumers, that is the value of the retail liquor trade, "as deduced from the receipts of internal revenue," reaches the sum of $1,482,491,965, that is, forty-three dollars for every man, woman and child in the country. It is more than one-eighth of the entire annual sales of the merchandize of the country, more than the entire product of the precious metals from all that region west of the Rocky Mountain for twenty years, which is estimated by J. Ross Browne at $1,165,000,000. It is nearly ten times the value of all the church property of the United States, given in 1850 by the census as $171,298,522. It is more than one-half the national debt.

Forty-three dollars for every man, woman and child in the country, seems to us rather a steep statement. We do not doubt that it is bad enough—but we should like Mr. Wells to go over his figures.

☞ Among the latest inventions is a rubber bath-tub, about three feet in diameter when spread out, which can easily be stowed away in a lady's satchel. It is described as "just the thing" for city people who are passing the summer at farm-houses, where conveniences for bathing are not very good.

☞ A veritable story is told of a bright little girl, who, attending Sunday-school for the first time, was asked: "Who went into the lion's den?" The child appearing puzzled the teacher commenced spelling, to awaken the child's memory, "D-a-n—" "I know now," exclaimed she, "it was Dan Rice."

☞ We once knew a man who said to his pastor: "I am going to the other church after this." "Ah, and why so?" asked the minister. "Well, if you don't get your shoes made at my shop, I won't get my preaching done at yours." So he went off.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM. By ELLERTON VINTON. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

LIFE OF SCHUYLER COLFAX. By Rev. A. Y. MOORE. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE LIVES OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT AND SCHUYLER COLFAX. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

BURNS' POETICAL WORKS. Complete, with a Life of the Author. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN. A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. August, 1868. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE. August. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York.

THE GALAXY, for August. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for August. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA, for August. Published by W. Jennings Demorest, New York.

THE PRODIGAL SON. By the Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A. With a Preface to the American edition, by Rev. GILBERT HAVEN. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philada.

THE PRAESIDICIDE. A Poem. By J. DUNBAR HYLTON, M. D., author of "Lays of Ancient Times," "The Bride of Gettysburg," &c., &c.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. Published by Henry C. Lea, Philada.

CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT OF ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY. Published for distribution. By SETH BOYDEN.

CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE: Stories. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE NEW TESTAMENT HISTORY. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. With Maps and Wood-cuts. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Nos. 33, 34 and 35. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY. By Captain MARRYATT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

PUNCH'S POCKET BOOK OF FUN. Being cuts and cuttings from the Wit and Wisdom of twenty-five volumes of Punch. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW, for July. Published by Fowler & Moon, Philada.

### THE LOCUSTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR—I see in the column headed "News of the Week," June 27th 1868, a statement concerning the locusts. And in many other Eastern papers, the same statement. "Seventeen year Locusts!" Why not say twenty-five year locusts. One statement would in fact be as good as the other, since neither would be true. Now I am an old man, and to some extent have been a tolerably close observer of some things, and therefore I may claim the appellation of being an old observer.

These insects have a regular cycle of their own—and, by-the-bye, as regular as any other cycle, either lunar, solar, or golden cycle—which is repeated every thirteen years. To my certain knowledge, they appeared in Kentucy about the 20th day of May, 1816; again, May 30th, 1829. Again, in Tennessee, May 20th, 1842. Again, in Illinois, May 20th, 1855. Again, in Illinois, May 20th, 1868. And from the date herein stated, they will appear again in the year 1881, 1894, 1907, 1920, 1933, 1946, 1959, 1972, and so on.

Now it is nothing to me whether writers and paper journalists correct their statements about these insects or not. They will go on in the cycle of their appointed way, and obey the great law of their being and destination, whether the papers report their history right or wrong. They appear as above stated—live forty days—do mischief only to the orchards and forest trees by making incisions in the tender branches, in which to deposit their eggs. They are not poison, as some foolishly imagine; fowls and birds, of nearly all kinds, feed on them without injury. They never devour vegetation by feeding on it like the grasshopper, caterpillar, and other kindred insects.

AN OLD OBSERVER.

☞ The papers are chuckling over a statement that in a certain part of Utah Territory there are one hundred inhabitants among whom there has been but one death in five years. This extraordinary result is attributed to the absence of doctors, not one being within call.

☞ At Mantua, in Italy, recently, a disciple of Garibaldi conducted a "baptismal ceremony" in this mode: The godfather put his right hand on the head of the child, and the godmother on its feet, then the first said, "In the name of reason, of human society, of the country, and of thy family, I name thee Rome. Mayest thou become good and happy."

☞ It is designed to supercede the office of the lamplighter by a clockwork attached to the tops of the London street lamps, which shall turn them full on at stated times every night, and shut them nearly off every morning. The gas being kept constantly burning during the day, with a small blue flame, duly prevented against extinction by the wind.

☞ The Mayor of Philadelphia having married a green couple, and been inquired of as to "his charge," replied that he always left that to the liberality of the groom;" whereupon the new-made husband seized him by the hand and giving it a cordial grip, exclaimed, "Gosh! Mr. Mayor, you're the man for me. You just leave it with my liberality as long as you like; it'll be safe there, I kin tell *you!*" and giving the chief magistrate another grip and shake, he took his leave.

### IN MEMORIAM.

CAPTAIN F. A. DEPEYSTER,
LATE GOVERNOR OF SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND.

BY CAPT. SAMUEL WHITING.

Fling! veil your starry glories now.
Bell! peal your saddest funeral dirge.
Sea! let a requiem soft and low
Be hymn'd by your resounding surge.

For he who braved the ocean storm,
Who moved a monarch of the deck,
Whose heart beat high with feelings warm,
Lies stranded now a human wreck.

One of the old "Sea Kings" was he—
A race of men now passed away;
Right gallant, courteous, kind and free,
The roughest "sea dogs" owned his sway.

I've seen him when the wintry gale
Drove us on Cardigan's lee shore,
When spars gave way and stoutest sail
From "clew to earring" ripp'd and tore.

And yet, with firm, undaunted heart,
He called his trusting crew around,
Urging each man to do his part
In tones that had a magic sound.

Back to his task each seaman sprang;
The yards were braced with hearty will,
And cheers through that proud vessel rang,
Saved by Depeyster's matchless skill.

Not for his seamanship alone
Pen I these lines with moisten'd eye;
I almost worshipp'd him as one
Whose aspirations all were high.

As one whose kind and tender heart,
With every gen'rous impulse thrill'd—
Alas! for us, when such depart,
When hearts like his in death are still'd.

*Jacksonville, East Florida.*

### "Collerydo Wa'nt His Style."

A paper published in the remotest diggings of the far West, makes some remarks concerning the mania for pulling up stakes and going farther, and illustrates it thus: Those who have seen down in Arkansas the emigrant wagons, with the mother and children perched on the top of the household goods, and heard the old woman say, (shifting the snuff-stick, which hangs from the corner of her mouth,) "We've tried Arkansaw since last fall, and we're pushin on whar thar's better pickin," have seen the born emigrant in full feather. We have had them here lately in the shape of man and wife, sixty-five years old. They had been "on the go" probably two-thirds of their life, till the pinched and sour expression of the woman's face shows that she wishes the "old man" would settle down somewhere, but knows he never will.

They came last from Colorado and are bound for Prescott, Arizona. The road thither is a long, dangerous way, infested by Indians, and, with difficulty, travelled by a party of hearty men well armed. The old couple have four grandchildren with them; the oldest only fourteen. The night they arrived here one of their horses died, (the Zunis ate him,) leaving them with only three to pull two heavy wagons through the sand, canons, and streams between here and Prescott. The old man came in great tribulation to the post commander, and asked for escort and an additional horse, and was highly incensed at the refusal.

"Hain't a body no rights under gov'ment?" he said. "Here I've been a supporter of gov'ment more'n forty year, and now I call on it to git me and my family to Arizony, it can't be did!"

"Why didn't you stay where you were?" somebody asked.

"Well, Colleraydo wa'nt my style, and I'd heard of good easy livin' in Arizony, and thought I'd try it. If I don't like it when I git there, I shall push on to Californy."

And he will "push on" if he don't die between here and Prescott. He will be really dissatisfied, too, if the "Injins ain't too thick" to give him an excuse to move by next spring farther West. Nothing ever quenches the thirst of the born emigrant for trying new places. He may leave the bones of his child in some desolate ravine to be picked by the hungry coyote, he may be the only survivor of an Indian massacre, or escape by miracle from other dangers of the wilderness, still the unconquerable desire remains to "go farther and fare worse."

### Eggs in Paris.

Take Guillout, the well-known Paris maccaroni-maker. He uses 1,000 dozen eggs a day. How is it possible to discard all tainted eggs from this mass, even were he likely enough to be so honest as to refuse to reckon the probabilities of the average being good enough for the oven? It is notorious that photographers and glove-makers are large purchasers of the whites of eggs, which are comparatively useless to the pastry cooks. The latter separate them from the yolks. How? In old times the shell was bluntly broken and the yolk tossed in one pan while the white went into another. But egg-shells have grown merchantable, and it has become an object of profit to preserve them whole. They are used in pistol galleries. The favorite target is an eggshell, which is placed on the water-jet of a fountain where it dances fantastically as a swallow's flight. Were the egg full its weight would be too great to be borne by an ordinary stream of water, besides when touched by a ball it would soil floor and walls; whilst the empty shell bobs in the most airy manner on the inconstant water, challenging the utmost skill to hit it. The cake-makers have a hollow needle with which they prick the eggshell. An apprentice is ordered to suck the white and to spit it out in an earthen vessel as fast as he gets a mouthful. When the white is exhausted (a little practice enables him to discover this) he pierces the yolk, sucks it through the tube, and at each mouthful squirts it into a second earthen vessel. By this ingenious arrangement everybody is satisfied, the pastry-cook and shooting-gallery, master and customers, too.

☞ The greatest novelty is a fan which can be used as a parasol, veil or bonnet. Now we only want one that can be used indiscriminately as a four-story house and a trotting wagon.

☞ Mr. Alfred Osgood, of Newburyport, has a cock that has hatched and is rearing a brood of chickens. This bird was associated with a hen, and sadly henpecked. After the hen had been sitting a few days, she left the nest and drove the male to her place, where he continued to perform her duties till the chickens appeared, and then took the sole charge of them. The hen is undoubtedly a woman's rights hen.

### Jewels.

Precious stones are found all over the globe; but the tropical countries are most prolific in them. "It would seem as if the places where the sun shines with most splendor produce the most gems; and perhaps the volcanic changes to which they are subject may have something to do with the matter. They occur profusely; but not the flawless specimens. The requisite attributes to command a great price are many and various. Transparency, brilliancy, lustre, and the freedom fr[om] defects are insufficient, unless there is also the exact quantity of coloring matter to furnish the desired tint. The result of searching for diamonds appears hardly commensurate with the toil, when the product of the yearly labor of five hundred men (in the mines of Bahia) can be readily carried in the hand. The component parts of every gem are sufficiently well known, and they can be separated into them; but not all the researches of learned chemists have succeeded in producing them by artificial means. They are far from attractive-looking in their natural state. Our phrase "rough diamond" is aptly applied enough, for a diamond in the rough would be thrown away as a worthless pebble; and the same may be observed of other precious stones.

Jewels of immense value have been sometimes utterly lost in our own time, which is curious enough, considering the care necessarily taken of them and their comparative indestructibility. The renowned Blue Diamond disappeared in the French Revolution, and has never been heard of since. There are said to be "sermons in stones;" but in each of the principal precious stones lies a gorgeous romance; and their histories, if written by a competent person, would make a charming volume.

Such a fine old story as Cleopatra's pearl is not respected by modern intelligence. A pearl of the magnitude which has been ascribed to it, could never have been dissolved in vinegar, but would have required a much stronger acid, such as would have destroyed not only the Egyptian lady's teeth, but her existence. Perhaps the gipsy humbugged her Roman lover with a false pearl (such as we learn are made of fish-bones,) and was not so extravagant as she appeared to be. It was easy in those days to deceive persons about precious stones, for little was known of them, and everything was credited.

The value of the Ruby much exceeds, when perfect, that of any other gem. A pure brilliant, for instance, of four carats, would be worth two hundred and twenty pounds; but a pure ruby, of that vivid pigeon's blood color which is so highly prized, would fetch four hundred pounds. It all depends on the color, since a pale ruby of the same size might not be worth twelve pounds. There are very few large ones in existence. The King of Burmah is said to possess one as big as a pigeon's egg; but then nobody (who is anybody, in a jeweller's point of view) has ever seen it. However, the ruby-mines of Burmah produce the finest stones; and when a particularly good one is found, a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, is sent out to meet it. One of the titles of his Burmese majesty is Lord of the Rubies.

Perhaps the reader has been sufficiently dazzled with these splendors. We will only speak, then, of two more precious stones—the Bloodstone (or Heliotrope) and the Opal. Concerning the former there is a curious tradition: "At the Crucifixion, the blood which followed the spear-thrust fell upon a dark green jasper lying at the foot of the cross, and from this circumstance sprang the variety. In the Middle Ages the red specks alluded to were supposed to represent the blood of Christ, and this stone to possess the same medicinal and magical virtues as the jasper."

The Opal, beyond doubt the most beautiful of all gems, is also the only one which cannot be imitated. It is impossible to value it, since the price depends solely upon the play of color. A fine specimen will fetch a thousand pounds; but fifty times that sum has been refused in the case of the Vienna Opal. A curious illustration of the power of fiction over fashion is related by our author with reference to this gem. "The hydrophane, or Mexican Opal, loses it beauty when exposed to water; and Sir Walter Scott has alluded to this fact in 'Anne of Geierstein,' although in that romance he ascribes it to supernatural agency. Strange to say, after the publication of the novel, the belief that Opals were unlucky obtained such currency that they quickly went out of fashion."

### Ritualism in England.

A book called "Directorium Anglicanum" has been issued in England in superb style for the direction of clergymen of the Church of England in the celebration of the Communion. The priest is told that before "mass" he must not wash his teeth, but only his lips, for fear of mingling water with his saliva; and that "after mass he should beware of expectorations until he shall have eaten and drunken," lest by any change he should spit out any atom of the "body" which "shall have remained between his teeth!" The priest is also minutely directed what to do if a fly or spider shall have fallen into the "blood," and what penance he shall do if any of the "blood" shall have dropped upon the table or on the linen cloth; how the blood is to be sucked up, and the wood scraped and the shavings burned, or the linen washed three times over the chalice, and the ashes or the ablution preserved with the relics.

☞ The Bridgeporters have been much pleased with a rubber carriage, manufactured in that city, and sent to New York. This vehicle is an open buggy, weighing but 125 pounds, and the body is made of one piece of hard rubber, one-eighth of an inch in thickness. It is without the usual carriage bolts and screws, and presents a perfectly smooth surface, which is not soiled or tarnished by rubbing or handling. The rubber is tougher than wood, and very much more elastic. The running gear is of wood, but the next carriage made will be entirely of rubber. The material is unaffected by wet, hot, or cold weather, and was prepared at a temperature of three hundred degrees, the body having been first got into a plastic mass like dough. A company has been formed, called the "Hard Rubber Wood Co.," with a capital of $250,000, and consisting of fifteen stockholders, for the purpose of carrying on the business in Bridgeport.

☞ A blind beggar had a brother who went to sea and was drowned. Now the man who was drowned had no brother. What relation was the man drowned to the blind beggar?

### Accidents on Railroads.

HOW THEY ARE GUARDED AGAINST IN GERMANY.

The foreign correspondent of the Iowa State Register writes from Heidelberg on the reception of the news of the Erie disaster:—

Nearly all the railroads in Germany have double tracks, thus avoiding one very fruitful source of accidents—collisions. The traveller meets many trains daily, passing them at all points. And the most rigid regulations are enforced relative to the passing of slow freight or accommodation trains by express trains. A marked deviation from the time-table is quite sufficient to deprive the engineer or conductor of his situation. The velocity of trains is considerably less than in the United States. This arrangement makes it much easier to run on time than is the case with a faster time-table. In case the train is a very few moments behind time—a very rare occurrence—it is an easy matter to increase the speed a little, and without danger. The moderate time-table also avoids all those accidents that so frequently occur on account of our break-neck rate of motion.

Another striking feature is the care with which railroads are constructed. The roads are graded with the greatest care. Upon the sides of embankments grass is cultivated, and thus the washing away of the track is prevented, and its solidity completely preserved. Trees are also planted upon such places for the same purpose. The same precautions are observed in the case of deep cuts to prevent the rolling down of soil or rocks. In many places embankments are made of stone. Bridges are almost universally made of the same substantial material. I do not recollect seeing a railroad bridge constructed of the timber framework so common in our land.

Large rivers are spanned by stone arches, with foundations deeply laid, and which look as if they would stand the wear of ages. The rails are firmly fastened together at the ends by means of side pieces and screws, thus making the points of junction nearly as strong as the rail itself. The utmost care is taken in the selection of the ties and rails. No article of an inferior quality is admitted, and when a tie begins to show signs of decay, or a rail becomes a little worn, it is immediately removed, and its place supplied by a new one. I have seen ties and rails removed here that would be considered good for several years' service at home, at least in too many cases.

A great number of hands are constantly employed to keep the road in order. At the distance of about every half mile one sees a neat but small brick or stone house, in which lives the employe. He always stands in front of his door upon the approach of the train, and signals to the engineer that all is right. He must walk his half mile immediately after the passage of a train, and must at once repair the slightest damage which the track may have suffered. The small extent of his beat makes it easy for him to do this very thoroughly. Every mile of a German railroad is watched with nearly or quite as much care as our drawbridges, and in many cases with even more.

Great care is taken to prevent accidents at depots, in the entrance and exit of passengers. No passenger is permitted to open the door of the car during the progress of the train, or even upon its arrival at the depot. He must wait until the door is thrown open by the conductor.

With all these and many other precautions it is not surprising that accidents occur so seldom in this country.

### Swinburne the Poet.

A serious accident befell Mr. Swinburne recently in the reading-room of the British Museum. The poet was busy at one of the desks when he was seized with a convulsion, was thrown by it to the floor, and striking his head against an iron staple received a blow that nearly fractured the skull. The violence of the fit was so great that even after the blow he had to be held down upon the floor for some minutes. As it passed away he was taken into the open air, and in the course of half an hour was able to be carried home. There is reason to fear very grave consequences from such an attack, complicated as it was by the blow on the skull. Mr. Swinburne has an organization extraordinarily nervous, and always seemed to me to exist by sheer force of will. He is pale, slight, undersized in body, with a head of immense development in the upper regions. Notwithstanding his physical weakness, he has great powers of application. His writings show a wide range of reading, and his conversation has no known limits. There is a very general belief among his friends that nothing he has yet published indicates the real scope of his genius, but there has, for some time, been an equally general apprehension that the demands he makes upon his strength would speedily overtask it, and that no adequate career could be expected for him.

### A Water Velocipede.

An ingenious application of the principle of the velocipede to water locomotion has been recently tested on the Lake of Enghein, near Paris. A pair of hollow water tight pontoons, about 12 feet long, 10 inches wide in the thickest part, and tapered to a point at each end, are fastened together about 20 inches apart by transverse bars near the extremities. In the centre is placed the seat, rising about two feet above the water, and supported by iron rods. In front is the paddle wheel, about three feet in diameter and eight inches broad, provided with 16 floats, the axle turning on stout iron uprights, and the rotary motion being obtained from cranks worked by the feet. This little vessel is steered by rudders at each of the sterns, and moved by lines. The pontoons being made of thin mahogany planks, the whole construction is very light, and glides along with astonishing rapidity. This water velocipede, having been built as a first experiment, is no doubt susceptible of improvement in some of its details, but the principle may be already pronounced a complete success. The inventor is M. Thierry, an architect of Paris.

☞ At one of the latest balls in Paris, a lady, very beautiful, but the wife of an exceedingly jealous husband, asked a brave captain to dance with her. The gallant officer could not prevent an exclamation of astonishment. "What is the matter, captain?" asked the lady; "you know my husband is jealous, but so jealous that I am obliged to choose a partner who could not excite his favorite passion!"

☞ An Ohioan has invented a plough and sold half his patent right for $11,000. He would hardly have made that by using the implement.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WASHINGTON.—Gen. Gillem reports that the new Constitution in Mississippi has been defeated by 7,629 votes.

Hon. Wm. M. Evarts took the oath of office as Attorney-General of the United States on the 20th of July.

The Senate has ratified the Chinese treaty with certain amendments.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Trains are now running over seven hundred miles of track on the Union Pacific Railroad west of Omaha.

RECEPTION OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.—Hon. Charles Francis Adams, late Minister to the Court of St. James, had a grand formal reception in Boston on the 23d.

RAIN STORM IN BALTIMORE.—There was a terrible rain storm in Baltimore and its vicinity on the 24th, which lasted several hours and flooded the city, causing immense destruction of property and the loss of several lives. The loss in the city is estimated at $3,000,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The bill for the purchase of all the telegraph lines in the United Kingdom by the government has finally passed.

Lord Napier, on behalf of the Army of Abyssinia, and for himself, has thanked Parliament for their grateful acknowledgment of services rendered.

GERMANY.—The Grand Ducal Government of Hesse desires to conclude a naturalization treaty with the United States, similar to those recently made between our country and Prussia.

Prince Napoleon has reached Malta, on his return home. An address from the Cretan exiles, expressing the hope that France would not abandon their cause, elicited no definite reply from the Prince.

JAPAN.—Civil war continues to rage in Japan. The Mikado has issued edicts against the native Christians. The party of the Shogoon is gaining strength.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Brazil is still sending troops to Paraguay. The total number sent since the beginning of the war is 84,219.

The Presidential election of the Argentine Republic will probably revert to Congress, as none of the candidates have obtained a legal majority.

Twelve iron steam launches have arrived at Rio Janeiro from England. They were ordered by the Brazilian government for service on the Amazon.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—Congress will take a recess on Monday the 27th, until the third Monday in September. When, if no quorum be present, both Houses will adjourn to December.

### Spirits and Hemp.

The Scientific Review contains a curious paper on "Spiritualism" by a French man-of-science. The Frenchman, it appears, had given much attention to the study of narcotics and their effects, and being invited to a *seance* was astonished to find, after partaking of tea, which was brought in before the *seance* began, that he was suffering from the effects of haschish, or Indian hemp. He thus describes those effects:—

"The usual exhilarating effects of small doses are, when larger doses are administered, quickly followed by an intense feeling of *bien-etre*. Shortly, however, another effect supervenes—the power of controlling the thoughts vanishes, and we believe, or, rather, *we realize most completely everything that is said to us*. It is not unusual, at the same time, to feel oneself rising in the air; in fact, when simply walking across a room it is impossible not to feel that you are walking in the air, and not upon the ground; all sense of distance is completely gone, and in taking a few steps you imagine, or rather you feel, that you are travelling for miles."

It is to be hoped that the line of investigation thus indicated may be pursued. It is very easy to say that it is hardly credible that mediums should resort to such measures, but is it not a great deal more credible than that they should be able to float in the air?

☞ A good story is told of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who having been called upon and considerably bored by a gentleman who had devoted himself to lecturing in New England without much ability for doing so, inquired, "What are you about at this particular time?" The answer was, "Lecturing as usual. I hold forth this evening at Roxbury." The Professor, clapping his hands together, exclaimed, "I am glad of it; I never liked those Roxbury people."

☞ A Frenchman was recently challenged by a citizen of Belmont, Kansas, for insult. It was promptly accepted, and the duel took place—the pistols, however, being loaded by the seconds with blank cartridges. The Frenchman fell, and a bloody handkerchief, close at hand, was promptly wrapped around his prostrate form. The challenger, confident that he had mortally wounded his antagonist, took to his heels to avoid arrest; and having thus got rid of him, the adroit Frenchman married the girl for whose hand he and his antagonist were rival suitors.

☞ The danger that a deaf mute couple may have mute children is not great. At a deaf mute convention lately there were recorded 71 cases of marriage between deaf mutes, and nine cases of marriage of deaf mutes to hearing persons. The former averaged about two children to a marriage, and of these 140 children only six were deaf mutes. The latter, those in which one of the parties could hear, had an average of about five children to each two marriages, none of whom were deaf and dumb.

☞ Arago once confidently announced that a big comet that was approaching the earth would not destroy it. "How do you know?" he was asked. "I don't know," he replied; "but in either case I am safe. If it does not knock the world to pieces, I shall be considered a prophet; if it does, they can't blow me up in the newspapers."

☞ In the year 1968, the following prediction was made by the astronomer, Thomas Moult. In 1868, the spring will be mild and beautiful, the summer dry and warm; the autumn will be temperate and profitable for all crops, which will yield well. Wheat will be plentiful and cheap in all countries. After August the vintage will be good and plentiful generally, causing wine to be cheap for which all the Christian world must thank God.

☞ A clergyman in Montreal, Canada, has been fined for uniting in wedlock a widow aged 49 years to a susceptible youth of 16. The marriage has been annulled.

☞ A hundred miles of bell wire are in a Saratoga hotel. The waiters are all trained to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours.

☞ A respectable colored family in Chicago advertises for a white woman to do general housework.

### The Election.

Below is a printed list of the states which it is supposed will take part in the Presidential election this fall:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 8 | Massachusetts | 12 |
| Arkansas | 5 | Michigan | 8 |
| California | 5 | Minnesota | 4 |
| Connecticut | 6 | Missouri | 11 |
| Delaware | 3 | Nebraska | 3 |
| Florida | 3 | Nevada | 3 |
| Georgia | 9 | New Hampshire | 5 |
| Illinois | 16 | New Jersey | 7 |
| Indiana | 13 | New York | 33 |
| Iowa | 8 | Ohio | 21 |
| Kansas | 3 | Oregon | 3 |
| Kentucky | 11 | Pennsylvania | 26 |
| Louisiana | 7 | Rhode Island | 4 |
| North Carolina | 9 | Tennessee | 10 |
| South Carolina | 6 | Vermont | 5 |
| Maine | 7 | West Virginia | 5 |
| Maryland | 7 | Wisconsin | 8 |

These states will cast in all 294 votes. Virginia, which has ten votes, Texas with 6 and Mississippi with 7, are not included in the list. If they are counted, the whole number of votes would be 317, and 159 votes will be necessary to effect a choice for President.

☞ A young lady in Bloomington, Ill., a few evenings after her marriage was locked out of the bed-room by her husband. She repaired to the wood-pile, took the axe, and chopped her way through the door. Young wives do not often have occasion to be demonstrative in such a forcible manner.

☞ Miss Maria S. Rye recently brought out from Liverpool to Montreal and Quebec a cargo of one hundred house servants, for whom she easily found situations at five dollars and six dollars per month (in gold.) Pleased with her success, she announces it in a letter to the London Times, which predicts an increased emigration of English servant girls.

### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—About 2000 bbls sold at prices ranging from $7,50@8,25 for superfine; $8,50@9,25 for extra; $9@11,25 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for choice Minnesota; $7,50@11,50 for Penna extra family; 10@12 for Ohio extra family, and $12,50@14 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $9@9,25.

GRAIN—About 85,000 bus sold at $2,20@2,25 for good to prime new red; $2,27@2,30 for choice, and $2,40@2,45 for white, according to quality. Rye sold at $1,55@1,65 for prime Penna. Corn; 20,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,17@1,12, and 6000 bus of prime yellow, in lots, at $1,20@1,25, closing at $1,18½@1,19 for Western mixed, and $1,25 for prime yellow. Oats—about 40,000 bus sold at 85@86c for Western; 87@88c for Penna, and 90@91c for light Southern, including a small lot of new Delaware, the first of the season, on private terms.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $20,25@20,50, and prime at $18. City packed mess Beef is selling at $27,50. Beef Hams sell at $27@40 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 18@21c; excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17@18c, and shoulders at 14@14½c ₱ lb. Green Meats are steady. Sales of pickled hams at 18@18½c, and salt shoulders at 12c. Lard—Sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 18@19½c ₱ lb, and kegs in small lots at 19 ₱ lb. Butter is firmer; sales of solid packed at 20@26c, and roll at 16@22c ₱ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15@15½c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 27@34c ₱ doz.

COTTON—About 900 bales of Middlings sold in lots at 29@29½c for Uplands, and 32@33c ₱ lb for New Orleans, closing at 31@32c ₱ lb.

BARK—Sales of 60 hhds 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $60 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quoted at $17@20 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 45@46c ₱ lb.

COAL—We quote Locust Mountain lump and steamboat at $3,25@3,40; do. broken, $3,35@3,50; do. egg, $3,50@3,4; stove, $4@4,15; red ash egg and stove, $4,10@4,20; Lehigh lump, steamboat and broken, $5; do. prepared, $5; do. chestnut, $4,25.

FEATHERS—Sales of common and choice western are reported at 60@65c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling at 6½@9½c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 9@10c, and halves at 14@14½c ₱ lb. Pared Peaches at 19@22c ₱ lb.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 15@40c, and Western at 25@35c ₱ lb.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is very little doing, but prices are rather firmer. Sales of Anthracite at $27@28 for No 1; and $24@25 for No 2. Manufactured Iron is firmly held at full prices.

SEEDS—3000 bus Cloverseed sold at $5@5,50 for fair to prime Pennsylvania, and $6,50@8 ₱ bus for good to prime Western. Timothy sells at $2,75 ₱ bus. Flaxseed sells at $2,60 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—Sales are making at 12c for City rendered, and 11½@11¾c ₱ lb for country.

WOOL—300,000 lbs sold at 50@52c for double extra; 46@48c for extra; 45@47c for fine; 42@45 for medium; 40@42c for coarse; 47@50c for tub; and and 37@43c ₱ lb for pulled, according to quality.

### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from 10@10¼ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 4@5¼ cts ₱ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 14,00 ₱ 100 lbs.


# THE LADY'S FRIEND.

## Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for this year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Belt, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

## The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

## BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

## SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 25 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.


☞ An exchange reports a very natural comment on the Nashua aeronaut's action in throwing a basket of claret overboard to lighten the balloon. Said Pat, "And why the divil didn't they dhrink it?"

☞ An Iowa woman, who falsely confessed the murder of her husband in order to save the life of her son, the real murderer, and has been in prison therefor several years, has been pardoned by the governor.


**Important Discovery.**—A real remedy for Asthma, has been found in *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy* prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston. It has never failed to give relief even in the most severe cases.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the twin remedies on which depends more than one-half the civilized world for health. Diseases which have baffled all medical skill disappear before their wonderful healing and cleansing virtues.

*No Soldier or Sailor, No Butcher or Baker, No Farmer or Founder, No Carpenter or Currier, No Mason or Machinist, No Man* in any active occupation, should be without a box of RUSSIA SALVE, for use in case of cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, old sores, piles, &c. Sold everywhere. By mail, 35 cents. Redding & Co., Boston.

**Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits**

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

*Is there a Cure for Epilepsy? The Subjoined will Answer.*

GRENADA, MISS., June 10—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $1; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.

augl-cow10t

**Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.**

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

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**Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.**

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those known DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.

☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

**"It Works like a Charm."**

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lameness!
Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!

Sold by Druggists, Merchants and Grocers.
WILLIAM RENNE sole Proprietor,
Pittsfield, Mass.

For sale in Philadelphia by Johnson, Holloway & Cowden, 602 Arch street. my30-3m

**The Bowen Microscope,**

Magnifying 300 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
Box 250, Boston, Mass.
3c27-tf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

THERE is no excuse for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA would cleanse their murky blood and restore their health and vigor. Ye muddy victims of bilious disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for yourselves. jy25-2t


## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, A. T. KIMMERLINE to Miss P. A. MCGOWAN, both of this city.

On the 14th of July, by the Rev. John H. Castle, D. D., SAMUEL HENKELWEIGHT, Esq., of Montgomery county, to Miss ANNIE M. CREWE, of Chester county.

On the 16th of July, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JOHN S. HIDEN to Miss ALICE HINDMAN, both of this city.

On the 9th of April, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. ISAAC STERLING to Miss ELIZABETH J. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 12th of July, by the Rev. Samuel Irvin, Mr. GEORGE C. ALLEN to KATE V. HEITRICK, both of this city.

On the 8th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, Mr. ROBERT J. EARLEY to Miss ANNIE E. FORD, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st of July, CHARLES F. PRESTON, late U. S. Navy, in his 18th year.

On the 21st of July, JANE, wife of Wm. Hamilton, in her 70th year.

On the 20th of July, JANE, wife of John Sample, aged 56 years.

On the 20th of July, JOHN M. HENNERY, in his 33d year.

On the 19th of July, JOSEPH H. GRAFF, Sr., in his 55th year.

On the 19th of July, Mr. SAMUEL FORREST, in his 73d year.

On the 19th of July, MARGARET, wife of Edward Childs, in her 45d year.

On the 18th of July, Mrs. ELIZABETH HAINES, in her 49th year.

On the 17th of July, Mr. JAMES T. HOWARD, in his 46th year.

### WAITING.

The stars shine on his pathway,
The trees bend back their leaves,
To guide him to the meadow,
Among the golden sheaves,
Where stand I longing—loving,
And listening as I wait,
To the nightingale's wild singing,
Sweet singing to its mate.

The breeze comes sweet from heaven,
And the music in the air
Heralds my lover's coming,
And tells me he is there.
Come! for my arms are empty;
Come! for the day was long;
Turn the darkness into glory,
The sorrow into song.

I hear his footfalls' music,
I feel his presence near,
His breath is warm upon me,
And tells me he is here.
Oh, stars! shine out your brightest;
Oh, nightingale! sing sweet,
To guide him to me waiting,
And speed his flying feet.

## SAVED BY A BULLET.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

"Do you know," said the smallest and weakest of all of us—"do you know, I should like to experience the sensation of *killing somebody?*"

Everybody smiled—some laughed—at the idea of poor little timid Minimus, becoming a homicide; but the train of thought suggested by his quaint remark was one that stimulated comment, and for the next half hour speculation ran riot through the esthetics of murder, suicide, and chance medley.

It has well-nigh become proverbial that the present situation, more especially, perhaps, if it be a pleasant one, is very apt to remind us of its antipodes. Perishing travellers amid the snow wastes of Siberia, are said to conjure up tormenting visions of feather beds, hot chimney corners, and delectable whiskey toddies. The miserable mortal, gasping in the last pangs of starvation, will picture to his hungry soul such a feast as never graced the board of Lucullus; and here we, a round half-dozen of city chums, lying lazily on our backs on the velvet sward of Staten Island, on a delicious, drowsy afternoon of summer, watching, through the rifts in our cigar smoke, the white sails of the pilot-boats skimming the bay, and the lengthening black trails from the pipes of the steamers—here we must needs turn away from the Arcadian topics suggested by our surroundings, and talk of blood, war, and violence. After each of us but one had said his say, Minimus called for Crocker; whereupon that one aroused him from his tobacco trance, and emphatically inquired what we were making such a row about, and as to why a fellow couldn't be allowed to smoke his pipe in peace.

"But I say, Crocker," persisted Minimus, "did you ever kill a man?"

"I suppose so; *lots* of 'em. Didn't the United States pay me for doing just that for four years or more?"

"Oh yes, of course; but that was all confusion and butchery, you know. There wasn't any individual killing about it, and none of that queer sensation that a man must feel when he puts steel or bullet right into the other fellow before him."

"And which isn't half as queer, I fancy," said Crocker, in his dryest way, "as the sensation of the other fellow."

Then there was a laugh at Minimus. But the little one was on the keen scent after a story, and was not to be ridiculed out of it. So he returned to the charge.

"Well, Colonel, you know what I mean, if I can't philosophize correctly over it. So tell us all you can about it, for it will interest us all. Do you really know of any one man you ever killed? If yes, tell us how it happened, and just how you felt."

Our Crocker was a pretty fair specimen of the higher order of Young America, and as he now sat and smoked, cross-legged, searching the stores of his fertile memory for an experience such as Minimus had requested, there was much of positive character to be seen in his strongly-cut profile and steely-blue eye. Barely turned thirty, he had already been in almost every nook and corner of the world; had run away to sea when less than fifteen, and voyaged to the South Sea in a New Bedford whaler; had been round the world before the mast before twenty; graduated at Yale a few years after; made and spent two fortunes in California and Australia; had dabbled a little at the stock-board, and won and lost fabulous sums in horse-flesh; and finally, had fought the war through, leaving an arm at Pleasant Hill, up Red River, where he commanded his regiment in that desperate fight. We considered him a fellow entirely after his own kind, and of no ordinary kind, too. So, when Minimus began to call him out, we edged closer about him, quite sure that we should have a red-lettered leaf from his teeming experience. And we had it, as follows:

Modern warfare is too scientific to be called butchery or murder. The tendency of all these astonishing improvements in ordnance is to keep the combatants widely apart, as if to leave no possible opportunity for individual bad blood. Generally, our fighting is a kind of intangible warfare, in which the soldier becomes a kind of automaton; he loads and fires like a well-regulated machine, and at the end of an hour he has possibly killed two men, and put three more *hors de combat;* but he can't and don't realize any such thing. We march our armies up to within half a mile of each other, and there hammer and pound till one of the two gets an over-dose of lead, and has to withdraw; and no man of the twenty thousand victors can walk over the bloody field and select his own victims. Sometimes, rarely enough, we have a bayonet-rush or a cavalry-chase; but these are very exceptional. That jolly piratical style of slaughter in which the Romans and Africans delighted, when they sailed into each other with swords, slings, and javelins, has disappeared before organization and mechanism; it is the steadiness of the mass, not the prowess of the individual, that prevails now, and close hugs on the battle-field have pretty much gone out of date. Thrasymene and Gettysburg were both big fights, but there was a very decided difference in the way the combatants killed each other.

Well, and what of it? Merely to illustrate to you that Minimus is right when he says that there can't be much of the real sensation of killing in our latter-day fighting. But I can tell you of an experience which I once had that may satisfy your curiosity on this point; because human sensation is in all so near akin, that if you can enter into the spirit of the narrative, you can very easily imagine the scene, and each of you himself as the principal actor. I do not relate it boastfully or vaingloriously. It was one of the hardest necessities that ever pressed me, to take human life with deliberate intention; but when it forced itself upon me on that memorable midsummer noon, I may say, without exaggeration, that I met the ordeal as calmly as I now smoke this meerschaum. But you shall hear.

It was in July, 1863. Three weeks before, I rushed with my regiment up against the walls of Port Hudson, in the charging column which Banks sent out one bloody Sunday, and was carried from the ditch with a ball flattened against my ribs. The surgeon pronounced it serious; I knew better, for this was an old business to me, and dangerous wounds never feel as that did. However, I was carted over to the Landing, and shipped to New Orleans with a thousand others; and after a week in hospital, I was walking about, lonesome and restless, and fancying myself well enough for the front again.

Those were troublous times in New Orleans. For three weeks Banks had been hammering at the gates of Port Hudson without avail, while his gallant little army dwindled away with fever, the bullet and the trenches. West of the river, Dick Taylor had swarmed down upon our outposts, capturing them in detail, and was lying at this moment at the head of Bayou La Fourche, blockading the Mississippi with six thousand men, and heavy guns enough to sink the supply steamers for the army as fast as they came up. In the city, there was heaviness beneath many a double row of buttons. The force left to hold it had been small enough at first, and General Banks had drawn contingents from it until it was reduced to a very few effective regiments and batteries. Secesh exulted and reared up its head in anticipation of Taylor's appearance in the city by the Fourth of July, as he had promised.

Just at this time a plot was discovered among the citizens to set at liberty four hundred Southern prisoners confined in the Belleville Iron Works opposite. The plot was nipped; but, as a measure of safety, it was determined to send them immediately to Fortress Monroe, for parole and exchange. A detail of five officers and one hundred men was drawn from the hospitals of the city, myself being the senior officer, and placed in charge of the prisoners, with orders to turn them over to the commanding officer at the Fortress, and then return immediately. The official papers of this expedition, by a stretch of military courtesy, styled us the "Convalescent Guard;" but I think the "Crippled Century" would have been a far more appropriate designation.

I was told in advance that the service was a delicate, possibly a dangerous one; that within a month a transport load of prisoners had overpowered their guard off the Virginia coast, run the steamer ashore, plundered it, and made their way to the enemy's lines up the James.

"Could they not give me an efficient guard?" I asked.

No; they could not. Not a soldier could be spared who could shoulder a musket or stand on the picket-line in the field; I could have just one hundred of the convalescents, and must make the most of them.

The steamer lay at the Algiers wharf, and there I ranged my new command in a double line, while the crowd of prisoners passed between to their stowage in the hold; and my heart sank at the appearance of the detail. There were many good soldiers among them, but hardly a sound, vigorous man in the party. Many were enfeebled, lame, and suffering with wounds; many were poor weaklings, hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested with fever, and the majority of them seemed to need the support of their muskets to keep them on their feet. And this was the material with which I was to overawe and keep in subjection this burly crowd of prisoners during a week's voyage! I resolved to do all that man could do; but it was with grave apprehensions that I watched the spires of the Crescent City disappear, and saw the boat ploughing swiftly down to the blue water.

My fears were groundless; the voyage went by pleasantly and prosperously, with hardly a cloud in the sky, a swell on the surface of the summer sea, or a ripple of agitation among the dubious freight we carried. There was incessant mirth, singing, and good humor among the prisoners, from first to last. I relaxed no vigilance; the guard was kept sharply up to duty, and the most careful watch kept over the hold, as well as in it, to ensure against plots and surprises. But there was no plot, there was no thought of rising; and when, on the sixth of July, we anchored under the frowning walls of old Monroe, and passed our prisoners over the side into the flag-of-truce boat that was to convey them up toward Richmond, my heart warmed to the fellows for their good behavior, and I found myself able to respond heartily to the cheery cry that some of them sent back.

"Good-by, old fellow! You 'uns are pretty good 'uns, after all; we don't believe we want to fight you any more!"

We stayed but an hour in the Roads—long enough to catch up the glorious note of victory that was hardly done pealing up from the field of Gettysburg—and then we laid out bow for New York, where we expected to find a transport to take us back. In due time we were landed over yonder at Governor's Island, and after I had seen my men provided with barracks and rations, and had joined the jovial lieutenants whom the hard exigencies of the war had compelled to serve in this quiet nook of the situation, I enjoyed a few days of pleasant rest and refreshment. It was delightful to sit after dinner in the cool, shady quarters overlooking the water, and speculate over our cigars about the war and its vicissitudes. Some of these subalterns had been in active service; all were West Pointers; and phlegmatic as I was, the nonchalance with which they discussed the prospect of promotion which might follow the great battle, was rather astounding to my volunteer ears.

"Hooray!" yelled Lieutenant P——, spinning the morning paper across the floor. "Doubleday mortally wounded—my captain in the regulars, you know—and there's a promotion, sure."

And then the unfeeling young savages began to congratulate the lucky man, and to bewail their own hard fortune. But General Doubleday was not mortally wounded, as later reports said; and then the lieutenant gave went to impatient disgust, declaring that there was nothing but selfishness among the seniors in the service, and that there was no chance at all for a sub.

On the morning of the 10th, I was notified to be ready to embark at noon with my command, on the steamer Matanzas.

"You will have some duty, on board, enough to keep you from laziness," old Colonel Loomis said to me. "I have had forty-seven men from the Department of the Gulf here under guard for some weeks, waiting for just such a chance. They are desperate fellows, most of them—deserters from Banks's army. The enemy treated them as prisoners of war, and exchanged them down at the fortress; but, it seems, their real character was reported ahead of them, and we are sending them back to be dealt with. You'll need to keep a sharp eye on them."

If I was surprised to hear that so many men could desert from one of our armies to the enemy, I understood the matter perfectly when I took charge of them aboard the tug that carried us over to the Matanzas. They were the lowest offscourings of military life—penitentiary-birds, bounty-jumpers, blacklegs—the siftings, in short, of a whole department. Most of them claimed membership with a notorious cavalry regiment raised in New Orleans, into which swarmed the felons of the city who were allowed to enlist; others came indifferently from a dozen regiments, which were, for the time being, happily rid of them. I spotted a few bold, villainous-looking customers, whom I mentally pronounced fit for any outrage; and on them I resolved to keep a careful eye. I think the Union cause would have been substantially benefitted by keeping the crew at Governor's Island till the close of the war; but as my own business was simply to obey orders, I took charge of them, and the Matanzas went out of the harbor. We had a large number of passengers aboard—a distinguished major-general, late of the Potomac Army, going to Louisiana with his staff, to report to Banks; several school-ma'ams, bound for New Orleans and a wide sphere of duty among the Freedmen; three cotton speculators; several sutlers, and some dozens of officers returning from sick leaves.

The weather held pleasant, and the days passed away delightfully in such little occupations as people beguile themselves with at sea. No serious thought of trouble with the deserters had entered my brain; knowing their character, I watched them closely, and up to the last day of the voyage discovered nothing amiss. Their comfort was as well attended to as possible, their rations were regularly dealt out, and I had given orders that they should have the liberty of the forehold during the day. I had heard nothing from them, thus far, but an occasional oath, or sullen muttering, which seemed to mean nothing more than an escape-valve for their general malignity. A sergeant of the guard, in whom I put some confidence, pointed out to me two of them who he said were in the habit of spending hours out by the foot of the bowsprit, talking earnestly together, and that more than once he had seen one of them pointing at me, and making motions as he talked, toward different parts of the steamer; but it hardly seemed to me that the fellow could intend any mischief. Certainly I did not look for it to come in the way it did.

Our voyage drew near its close. We had passed the bar outside Southwest Pass, where we learned from the pilot that Port Hudson had succumbed ten days before; and when the cabin passengers came on deck after dinner, we were steaming up between the reedy marshes which line the lower Mississippi. The prisoners were gathered in knots about the wheel-house and taffrail forward; the guard lounging negligently among them. I walked forward to take a nearer inspection; and the thought occurred to me that it could not be safe to allow the prisoners any further liberty of the deck. There were very likely expert swimmers among them who could easily gain the shore after nightfall, without observation; and, as we neared the city, we should have small boats swarming about us. So I gave the order to the sergeant to fall in both guard and prisoners, and that the latter go below at the roll-call.

The order was obeyed slowly, reluctantly, and with scowls. More than one muttered curse reached me, coupled with my name, and more than one glance of devilish passion was shot from that line to where I was standing, by the forward ladder. But there was no open disobedience. The sergeant called the roll, and as each man answered he went down into the hold. I watched the proceedings in silence, resolved not to interfere except in case of absolute necessity.

When about three-fourths of the names had been answered, that of Henry Rolan was called. The man who came forward was the same whom the sergeant had suspected. He came up promptly, gave me an impudent stare, and placed his foot on the first round of the ladder.

"Damn him!" were his words, as he turned his head toward the men. "Damn him, I say; he's no more feeling for us than a brute. Damn the upstart strapper!"

The words were spoken, as they were intended to be, in the hearing of all the prisoners, and the chuckle that came up from below told me that the arrow had hit the mark. I had one impulse, which I could no more resist than I could have suspended my breath for the next hour—the impulse to detain and punish him. Nobody knew better than myself the consequences of overlooking such a flagrant and deliberate breach of discipline; the next hour might have witnessed an open and successful mutiny. Therefore, I reached out my hand, and grasping him by the collar, jerked him back of where I stood.

"Stand there," I said, "until I can attend to you. *You* shall have accommodations on deck. Guard, take care of him."

The man glared at me with rage, and for an instant I feared he meditated an attack. He stood motionless for a moment, and I ordered the sergeant to proceed with the roll-call.

"My name first?" the man shouted, and with a savage oath he pushed me aside and sprang down the ladder, while a half-cheer greeted his re-appearance.

I bit my lips hard, for I was becoming roused to the danger that threatened. As speedily as possible I concluded the roll-call, got all the prisoners below, and leaving strict orders to the guard to shoot the first man who insisted on coming up, I hastened down into the after-cabin. Through this unexpected scene I had worn my sword and belt, but had no pistol; and my first thought was to secure a revolver immediately. A lieutenant of the guard met me on the cabin stairs, and I bade him get his pistols and join me on deck instantly.

"Keep close to me, Hall," I said, "and observe carefully what I do. Be ready to act promptly, if the moment comes."

We went forward together. Selecting two men from the best of the guard, I ordered them to accompany me into the hold, following me closely. I descended the ladder first, the lieutenant next, and then the soldiers. The prisoners were mostly gathered together near the foot of the ladder, and scowls fell thick upon me as I passed through them. I searched closely for my man before I found him. He was not on the floor of the hold, in the passages, nor among the bunks, so far as I could at first discover; but after some minutes I spied him, crouched away in the darkest corner of an upper tier of bunks.

"Come down, and go on deck!" I said, abruptly. He gave neither motion nor word, but sat staring at me, unabashed and uncompliant.

"Come down, sir," I repeated; and with the words I laid my hand on my pistol. The fellow comprehended my meaning very quickly.

"Shoot me, will you?" he screamed, in a voice that sounded more like the growl of a wild beast than the articulate speech of a human being. "Shoot me, hey! Oh, by ——, I'd like to see you try it! I'll kill you—I'll shoot you first!"

"I shall attempt no description of the fearful brutality of the man's appearance; nor could I repeat one-half the shocking oaths he hurled at me. But I was not intimidated at all. I was determined to take him on deck and punish him at all hazards. Watching him sharply, I ordered one of the men to climb up the first tier of bunks and prick him with his bayonet hard enough to bring him down. This had the desired effect. Waiting until he was certain that the soldier meant to obey me, Rolan clambered down and dropped on the floor, filling the hold with curses and imprecations.

"Now start forward!" I said. "You will go above either dead or alive. Go to that ladder."

He moved along slowly at first, until I again ordered the guard to help him with his bayonet, and then he went on, spitting out his profanity, and abusing me by name with the worst of epithets. At the foot of the ladder he made a stand, and resolutely declared he would not stir a foot further.

"Go on," I said, "or take the bayonet."

"Boys, are you going to let him treat me in this way?" he cried, with an oath, abruptly turning to them and holding out his hands. The prisoners had surged up solidly around us as we stood there, and were regarding us with knotted brows and clenched fists. "Knock him down, boys, can't you? Just get me away from him, and. I'll show—"

"Stand back!" I shouted, drawing my pistol. There was a movement of those next me, and a clear space was quickly made. "If any man attemps a rescue, I'll shoot him without a word."

And nobody did. I placed the two guards with their bayonets charged towards the crowd, ordering them to transfix the first man who should offer any interference; and then turning to Rolan, cocked my pistol, and peremptorily commanded him to mount to the deck. There was something in my voice, or in the muzzle of that pistol, that coerced him into obedience; he went up, still muttering, but not so loudly.

Again on deck, I stationed more guards at the hatch, and ordered the corporal on duty to go to the mate and borrow a pair of handcuffs. Rolan stood with his back to the rail, glowering at me beneath his sullen brows. He heard the order, saw the corporal start, and quickly asked:

"Do you mean them for me?"

I made no answer; I would have no more parleying. But my purpose had been from the first to handcuff, gag him, and tie him in the rigging. As I continued silent, he broke out with another torrent of oaths, defying me, and daring me to lay a hand on him. Lieutenant Hall said, in a low voice, which reached my ear only:

"The fellow is desperate; you must be on your guard. And Colonel, good heavens! look into the hold!"

I motioned one of the guard to stand between Rolan and myself, and threw a glance over my shoulder toward the hatch. The sight was enough to chill the blood of a Christian. The prisoners had crowded densely forward to the ladder, some with their hands resting on it, as if under no impulse to ascend, and filling the space as far back as the sides of the hatch permitted the eye to look. They were standing as closely together as it was possible for human beings to stand, many on tiptoe, their hands clenched, their eyes protruded; some with their mouths open, like wild beasts, and all glaring up at me with such a malignant expression as some of the old masters have contrived to throw into the pictured countenance of the Fiend.

"Look to the guard," I whispered to Hall. "Here are the shackles."

The corporal handed them to me. Rolan instantly dismissed his noisy, profane talk, folded his arms, and looked me straight in the eye.

"I warn you not to put those things on me," he said. "Remember—*I warn you!* You'll repent it if you do."

I continued perfectly calm; but the cool determination of the fellow's manner gave me a more vivid realization of danger than I had yet gained.

And I will tell you why I was cool: It was because I had been prepared two years for just such an emergency. In entering the service, I had resolved that I would be the last to take life in the enforcement of discipline, so long as the necessity could be avoided; but that when it became a necessity, I should not hesitate an instant. And I believe I realized to the full the peril that threatened me; I knew that Hall, the sergeant, and myself, might be disarmed and trampled down by a desperate rush of the prisoners upon us, even though we might kill half a dozen of them; and that when we were out of the way, they would have little difficulty in overcoming and disarming my feeble guard. And what could they then do? Ask rather what could they not do? There were spirits among those forty-seven ripe for any desperate undertaking, and it was entirely within the bounds of possibility that they should run the boat back to some convenient spot on the coast, where they might abandon it and make good their escape. There was everything to prompt these desperadoes to such an undertaking; the immunity from military punishment for their offences, the hope of plunder, and a speedy escape from the service. Certainly, I realized it all as I stood there on the mid-deck of the Matanzas, facing the ruffian, and just about to speak the words which might overwhelm us in successful mutiny.

The sergeant stood just at my right; the corporal at my left; Hall immediately beyond him, and Rolan exactly in front of me, not more than four feet away. We five made an irregular circle of about a yard in diameter. My thinking was done in less time than one of these pipe whiffs is drawn in and expelled; and, just as Rolan spoke, I reached out my hand toward the sergeant, with the handcuffs.

"Take them, sergeant, and fasten his hands," I said.

But he had not touched them—nay, his own arm had hardly begun to extend itself forward—when Rolan, with a quick, cat-like motion, snatched the shackles from my hand, tossed them overboard, and turned upon me. His eyes were afire with mad, brutish passion; his fists clenched and elevated, and his foot took one step toward me. It all happened in an instant, in the snap of a finger, and I was ready for him. My pistol was drawn and the hammer up before the shackles struck the water; and as he took that step, in just such an attitude as I have seen a prize-fighter assume on a quick offensive, I shot him.

"Did you mean to kill him?" asked Minimus.

"I certainly did; and I say, in all humility what I think, that to my promptness alone that ship, with the crew and passengers, were indebted for their salvation. The ball struck him in the left breast, just above the heart, severing the great artery, as I afterward learned. He jerked his right hand up to the place, and settled heavily to the deck, at my feet, with the cry:

"'Oh, boys, he's killed me, he's killed me!' And from the hold came up a responsive cry, 'You murderer, you murderer!'"

I bent down over him as his head fell to the deck. The heat of the action was yet in me, but it was in all kindness that I asked him,

"What have you to say? Who has been right in this business?"

He turned his eyes to me. The demon had all left them, and he spoke in a voice that was burdened with terror,

"You was right—and I was wrong—wrong—wrong! But, oh, for God's sake, pray for me! pray for me!"

The color left his face in an instant. They were his last articulate words; he died in three minutes.

Up to this time I believe I had not been excited; but just as I rose to my feet, with my eyes fixed on the dead man's face, the cry of "murderer" was flung at me again from the hold, and then, I confess, I could not restrain my temper. I sprang down the ladder with the smoking revolver in my hand, and faced the crowd. They fell back without a word, cowed, I think, by the silent determination they saw in me.

"Men, I hope you understand me now," I said. "I will have no epithets, nor anything that looks like insubordination. You have compelled me to do what I have done, by your own folly, and now remember—I will deal as sternly with any man who attempts a mutiny."

They believed me, and acted accordingly. This was the last of a revolt which I have now good reason to believe had waited its opportunity since the day of our leaving Governor's Island; and I have the testimony of many officers high in rank, that the effect of the example which I set was most salutary. Within a week I had turned over my precious crew to their respective commanding officers; and *I am at liberty to hope that their punishments were commensurate with their deserts.*

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"And how did you get out of the scrape?"—that little interrogation point, Minimus, asked.

We were at New Orleans that night. On the following day I went up to the headquarters of General Emory, then commanding the defences, to report to his adjutant-general the result of my mission, and the return of the party. Just as I had reached the climax of my narrative, as I have related it to you, the General walked in, and caught my last words.

"How's that?" he interrupted, sharply, bending his shaggy brows, and lifting his leonine front ominously upon me. "What's that, sir? Repeat it."

And I repeated it briefly, giving the exact truth of the affair. He listened attentively, and when I had concluded, looked me very sternly in the eye.

"And so you shot a soldier?"

"Yes, sir."

"Kill him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Deserter, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph! Deserter to the enemy's lines?"

"Yes, sir."

"Humph, humph! How many more of them did you bring me?"

"Forty-six live ones, sir."

"Well, sir, you have done well—just what you should have done. I believe you've got the stuff in you for a soldier. Why the devil didn't you shoot them all—hey? Colonel Smith! write an order exonerating Colonel Crocker from all blame in this affair. We have no officers to spare for courts of inquiry, and I'll take the responsibility myself. Good morning, Colonel. I hope to meet you often."

The thing seemed to please the old man hugely; and I have pretty good proof that he remembered me. It was ten months afterward, away up the Red River, in the front of that savage battle at Pleasant Hill, that I received the wound that cost me this arm. The General was right on the line when I was struck; and I believe he saw the wound as soon as I felt it, for I heard him sing out:

"Colonel Crocker, you're hit, and hard too, I'm afraid. Take this orderly's horse and get to the rear—quick, sir! quick! Go to the headquarter ambulance, half a mile back."

I might have stayed long enough to get another bullet, if the old man hadn't ordered me away so peremptorily. So it is just possible that the taking of that miserable life aboard the Matanzas was the saving of my own at Pleasant Hill.—*The Galaxy.*

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THE POCKET COMPASS.—A story is told of an old fellow in Michigan, who, when the country was new, got lost in the woods several times while hunting. He was told to buy a pocket compass, which he did, and a friend explained to him its use. He soon got lost, and lay out as usual. When found, he was asked why he did not travel by the compass. He stated that he did not dare to. He wished to go north, and he "tried hard to make the blamed thing point north, but 'twan't no use; 'twould diddle, diddle, diddle right around, and point about southeast every time!"

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☞ A very good woman, though somewhat given to worldly vanities, was lamenting the loss of a child (one of a family of eight) "because," said she, "there was just enough for a cotillon, and they *did* dance so prettily."

### HANS BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

Der Breitmann mit his gomphany
  Rode out in Marylandt;
" Der's nichts to drink in dis countries,
  My throat's as dry as sand.
It's canteen und haversack,
  It's hoonger mixed mit doorst;
Und if we had some lagerbier,
  I'd trink oontil I boorst.
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  We'd trink oontil we boorst.

" Her Leut'nant, take a dozen men,
  Und ride dis land around!
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin,
  Dill somedings goot is found.
Gotts-doonder! men, go ploonder!
  We hafn't trinked a bit
Dis fourteen hours! If I had bier,
  I'd sauf oontil we shplitt!
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  We'd sauf oontil we shplitt."

At mitternacht, a horse's hoofs
  Coome rattlin' troo de camp;
" Rouse dere! Coom, rouse der house dere!
  Herr Capitain, we moost trump!
De scouts have found a repel town,
  Mit repel davern near;
A repel killer in de cround,
  Mit repel lagerbier!
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  All fool of lagerbier!"

Gottsdonnerkreuzschoepschwerenoth!
  How Breitmann broked de bush!
" O let me see dat lagerbier!
  O let me at him rush!
Und is moin sabre sharp und true?
  Und is mein war-horse goot?
To get one quart of lagerbier,
  I'd shpill a sea of ploot.
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  Like blitzen troo de shky.

" Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down!
  One hoonderd strong are we!
Who cares a tam for all de odds,
  Wenn men so dirsty pe!"
And in dey smashed, and down dey crashed,
  Like donderpolts dey fly;
Rush fort as der wild yaeger cooms
  Mit blitzen troo de shky.
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  Like blitzen troo de shky.

How flewd to rite, how flewd to left
  De mountains, drees, und hedge;
How left und rite de yaeger corps
  Went donderin troo de pridge.
Und splash and splosh dey ford die shtream,
  Where not some pridges pe;
All dripplin in de moondlight peam,
  Streaks went de cavillrie!
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  Der Breitmann's cavallrie!

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
  Oonheedin vet or try,
Und horse und rider shnort und blowed,
  Und shparklin hepples fly.
" Ropp! ropp! I shmell de barley-prow,
  Dere's someting goot ish near;
Ropp! ropp!—I scent de kneiperei;
  We've got to lager bier!
    Gling, glang, gloria!
  We've got to lager bier!"

Hei! how de carpine pullets klinged
  Oopon de helmets hart!
Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre wringed;
  Du alter knasterbart!
De contrapands dey sing for choy
  To see the rebs go down,
Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry:
  " Hoorah!—we've dook de down.
    Gling, glang, gloria!
    Victoria, victoria!
  De Dootch have dook de down."

Mit shout und crash und sabre flash,
  And wild husaren shout,
De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,
  Und rolled de lager out;
And in the coorlin powder shmoke,
  While shtill de pullets sung,
*Dere* shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,
  A knockin' out de boong.
    Gling, glang, gloria!
    Victoria, Encoria!
  De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
  While yet his hand was red,
A trinking lager from his poots
  Among de repel tead.
Twas dus dey went at mitternight,
  Along der moundain side;
Twas dus dey help make history!
  Dis was der Breitmann's ride,
    Gling, glang, gloria!
    *Victoria!* Victoria!
    Car'visin, encoria!
  De treadful mitnight ride
Of Breitmann's wild Freischarlinger,
  All famous, broad, und wide.

### What Is In the Moon.

Is the moon habitable? To this question the selenographer will reply by pointing out the mountains and its almost entirely volcanic features, its bare and arid surface—soil it has none—its want of atmosphere, and the extremes of burning heat and more than artic cold to which it is in quick alternation exposed. Vast saharas without a single oasis; piles of mountains, but, unlike those of the Andes, Himalayas or Hindu-Kush, they have no snow-capped summits and woody sides, no streams and torrents, the beginnings of mighty rivers. In vain the eye searches for fertile valley or green meadow, or

" Tempered sun and winter, earth, and air,
In changing composition ever mix."

There is no variation of color or appearance of surface which would indicate vegetation or a change of seasons. The absence of such an atmospheric investment, with its attendant clouds, as is given to the earth, exposes the lunar surface to the direct and unbroken force of the sun's rays, which are also radiated back from it into space without being refracted. The vaporous atmosphere which acts as a warm clothing to the earth is wanting to the moon. The great extremes and rapid alternations of temperature would of themselves render animal life impossible, at least in such organisms as are found in the earth. The alternation is that of unmitigated and burning sunshine continued for an entire fortnight, and an intensity of cold far exceeding that of our Arctic Winter for the same time. We read Captain Stuart's narrative of his travels of exploration into the interior of Australia, that in one place, "the ground was almost a molten surface, and if a match fell upon it, it immediately ignited." But even this is quite tolerable when compared with the maximum heat of the moon, which is estimated by Althaus, the German physicist, to be eight hundred and forty degrees of Fahrenheit; it occurs on the twenty-second day of lunation, or seven days after the day of full moon. This heat exceeds that of the fusing point of tin and lead. The greatest cold is about a half a day after the first quarter; it is equivalent to ninety-two degrees Fahrenheit below zero, or one hundred and twenty-four degrees below the freezing point which would suppose a fall of nine hundred and thirty-two degrees in about fifteen days. Such a picture as this is sadly at variance with the sanguine views advanced by the good Bishop of Chester, John Wilkins, brother-in-law to Oliver Cromwell, in "A Discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon;" accompanied by a second "Discourse concerning the probability of a passage thither." In some of his guesses Bishop Wilkins was quite successful, as when he said that high mountains, deep valleys and spacious plains are to be found in the body of the moon; but he was at fault, as we know now, in supposing that this satelite has an atmosphere "of grose vaporous air" immediately accompanying its body. He thinks it probable that there may be inhabitants in the moon, but, with becoming caution, he does not venture to describe them. Increasing, hower, in his faith, he suggests a belief of there being a paradise on the moon, as such a place, he alleges, ought to be exempt from the extremes of heat and cold—a condition of things which he assumes for this plannet. Now-a-days, were one to indulge in speculations of this nature, and admit that they are really Lunarians, we should be compelled to believe that so far from enjoying an elysium, they are undergoing the torments of an *Inferno*, to be described by another Dante. What rich materials for the genius of satire and song to people lunar regions with the doomed spirits of those who have acted prominent parts on the surface of our own earth from the beginning of the French revolution to the present time! The bishop believed that a voyage of discovery to the moon would be made at some future day. "We have not," he says, "now any Drake or Columbus to undertake this voyage, or any Dædalus to invent a conveyance through the air. However, I doubt not but that Time, who is still the father of new truths, and hath revealed unto us many things which our ancestors were ignorant of, will also manifest to our posterity that we now desire, but cannot know." Kepler is quoted as having no doubt but that as soon as the art of flying is found out, some of the nation of discoverers "will make one of the first colonies that shall inhabit the other world." Had Bishop Wilkins lived a century later, and seen the Montgolfiers sail through the air in a balloon, he would doubtless have been still more sanguine in the success of a lunar voyage; but nearly another century has passed and we are still as far from the moon as ever. We have not learned to navigate the atmospheric ocean by which we are surrounded; and even if science could reveal to us the means of doing so, our aeronauts could not pass beyond the limits of this ocean, or a distance of between forty and fifty miles at the most. Airless space, a dreary void, would furnish nothing to float in; but failing to offer the needed resistance to the surface of the distended balloon, this would be burst by the contained gas, and then would ensue a something worse than watery shipwreck for the adventurous voyagers.

### YESTERDAY.

What makes the king unhappy?
  His queen is young and fair,
His children climb around him,
  With waving yellow hair.

His realm is broad and peaceful,
  He fears no foreign foe;
And health to his veins comes leaping
  In all the winds that blow.

What makes the king unhappy?
  Alas! a little thing,
That money cannot purchase,
  Or fleets and armies bring.

And yesterday he had it,
  With yesterday it went,
And yesterday it perished,
  With all the king's content.

For this he sits lamenting,
  And sighs, "Alack! alack!
I'd give one half my kingdom,
  Could yesterday come back!"

## A Black Mare with a White Star.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

At precisely five minutes to twelve o'clock, on a certain October night in the last decade of the last century, a post-chaise drove up to the door of the *Brown Bear*, a well-known family hotel and posting-house in the ancient town of Derby.

"Another touch of the high toby again, Jim," remarked the postilion confidentially to his friend the hostler, as he slid his foot out of the stirrup, and dismounted. "Gemman inside has had his purse and watch faked, and a nice temper he's in."

"Where did it happen this time?" asked Jim.

"Just t' other side of Spondon. You know Deadman's Lane? Well, that were the exact spot."

"Ay, ay! And was it *the* one this time again?"

"Who else should it be in this part of the country? It were the same black mare with a white star that I've seen twice afore, and with the same black fellow astride her—as black as Old Nick himself he is, from top to toe, and a rare good rider too."

Jim's powers of conversation being of a limited order, he resorted to a long low whistle, by way of expressing his interest and surprise at the news told him by his friend, and then went on with his work.

Meanwhile, the stranger inside the chaise had been released by an obsequious waiter, and ushered into the shut-up coffee-room, in the grate of which a remnant of fire still lingered. The candles were relighted, and then the landlord came in person to take the orders of his guest.

"Would the gentlemun like to have a fire lighted in a private sitting-room? It could be done in five minutes," he said.

"Thank you; not to-night," said the stranger. "In the morning, I will look at your rooms. For the present, this one will do excellently. Supper, did you say? Yes; bring me a crust of home-made bread, and a mug of your best old ale. And then to bed."

By this time, he had laid aside his long blue fur-collared travelling-cloak, and his fur travelling-cap, and stood revealed as a bright-eyed, fresh-colored, middle-aged gentleman, with the not-to-be-mistaken air of a military man, although his present dress was that of a civilian; with iron-gray, unpowdered hair, cut short in front, but worked into a queue behind; and with small, gray, mutton-chop whiskers. Judging by the frown on his otherwise pleasant-looking face, he was unmistakably out of temper; but it was not till he had broken the smouldering lump of coal in the grate into minute fragments, and thereby relieved his overcharged feelings, that he vouchsafed an explanation to the landlord.

"A pretty welcome to one's native town!" he began—"a very pretty welcome indeed, after an absence of five and thirty years, to be set upon by a ruffian, and have to decide at a moment's notice between giving up one's purse and having a bullet through one's brain! I had better never have left the Canadas." He spoke in a captious, high-pitched voice, and as if he were more annoyed than angered at what had befallen him—less troubled by the loss of his purse than by the fact of his having been compelled to yield it up without a struggle.

The landlord and the waiter exchanged looks. "Sorry, I'm sure, sir, to hear of your accident," said the former in a tone of respectful sympathy. "For the last three years, the neighborhood of this town has been infested by one of the biggest villains unhung; and you, sir, are neither the first nor the second that has suffered in like manner at his hands. A clever villain he is, too; and, so far, has set all the constables in the country at defiance. Did you notice, sir, whether or not his face was blackened?"

"I did," said the stranger. "He wore no mask of any kind, such as I have heard that highwaymen customarily wear by way of disguise. His face was perfectly black, either naturally or artificially so."

"And he rode a black horse, did he not, sir?"

"Either a black or a very dark bay one; a horse with a large white star in the centre of its forehead. That much I could see by the light of the chaise-lamps."

"The very same man," said the landlord emphatically.

The stranger drew a chair up to the fire, and sat down. He was evidently interested. "You say, landlord, that I am not the first who has been robbed by this fellow?"

"No indeed, sir; not by a dozen, or more than that. Hardly a single month has passed during any winter these three years without our hearing tell of at least one person meeting the same fate that befell you, sir, to-night. One time, it was one of our most respected merchants returning home from a party with fifty guineas in his pocket, which he had won at whist. Another time, it was the Dean of Litchfield who was stopped. Mr. Dean was eased of watch, snuff-box, and purse. Next time, it was Lady Knutsford and her two daughters, who were stopped as they were on their way home from a ball at the assembly-rooms. Her Ladyship's necklace and rings were said to be worth six hundred pounds. These, and a dozen other robberies of less note, all perpetrated by the same man, with a blackened face, and mounted on a black mare that has a large white star in the middle of its forehead, have kept our little town in quite a ferment for some time past, and have driven our chief-constable to the verge of despair. I believe that you, sir, are the first that has been stopped this season, and it is a sign that winter is setting in. Tom Crooke, an auctioneer of this town, was the last man that was robbed last season, and his little affair happened about the beginning of April."

"Tom Crooke?—I think I recollect that name," muttered the stranger below his breath.

"Yes, sir," resumed the voluble landlord; "and it is a singular fact that all these robberies, the work of one man, are committed within a radius of twelve miles from this town; now on the London Road, now on the Nottingham Road, now on the Ashbourne Road, now on the Duffield Road. The rider of the black mare with the white star seems to be here, there, and everywhere, and to be wonderfully lucky in picking out as his victims people having about them something worth taking. When he has done his little bit of business, he seems to vanish as mysteriously as he came, and is never heard of again, either there or elsewhere, till he turns up suddenly, a few weeks later, not a dozen miles from the same spot. Ah, sir, he's a shrewd fellow, he is, whatever his name may be when he's at home."

"Which is no consolation to me for the loss of my purse," murmured the stranger.

Then the landlord bowed and retired, and the stranger proceeded to the discussion of his homely supper. When he had drained the last drop of ale in the tankard, he wiped his mouth carefully with his bandana handkerchief, and put on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Then he produced from the pocket of his cloak a small dogs-eared Bible bound in plain calf; and drawing the pair of candles close to his nose, he proceeded to read a chapter before retiring for the night. He read slowly and deliberately, with a movement of the lips as he repeated each word to himself, and with a slight movement of the head as his eyes went on from one line to the next. When he had done reading, he meditated silently for a few minutes, and then rang for a bed-candle.

"I cannot sleep shut in by those things," said the stranger, indicating the funereal-looking curtains that shut in the immense four-poster; "and the room smells as if the window had not been opened for a month."

Ultimately, the stranger decided to have the mattress laid upon the floor, and to sleep on that, which he thought he might possibly succeed in doing, provided the window were left open both at top and bottom, so that the cold fresh air of the October night could have free play in and out of the room.

"Major Gregson!" exclaimed the astonished landlord early next morning, reading the name on sundry boxes and packages which had just been brought in by the night-carrier from Nottingham. "Why, surely, he can never be the Major Gregson who fought so bravely in India and America—the son of old Isaac Gregson, linen-draper of this town!"

"But he can be, and is, and the best master in the world into the bargain," said the major's man as he stepped into the bar. "And I'll thank you, Mr. Landlord, to tell me the number of his room, for it's high time I took him up his shaving-water."

"Now I call it to mind," said the landlord, "he did say something last night about Derby being his native place. But *he* the brave Major Gregson! the great fire-eater! Why, he don't stand more than five foot seven without his boots, and—and—"

"He looks as quiet and peaceable as a lamb," put in the major's man; "that's just him all over. A quiet, pious, God-fearing gentleman in time of peace; but just see him going into action at the head of his men, and it would do your eyes good, and make your hair stand on end at the same time. His men knew he was made of the right stuff, and would follow him anywhere. He was called 'Forlorn' Gregson in the regiment, because he had headed so many forlorn-hopes in his time. But where's the shaving-water?"

When Major Gregson drew up his blinds next morning, and peered out of his bedroom window, he saw before him the fine old-fashioned-market-place of the little town, which, as a boy, he had trodden many hundreds of times. It was the old market-place that he remembered so well, but with many changed features, as was only to be expected after the wear and tear of the thirty-five years that had elapsed since he last saw it. With the assistance of his pocket-telescope, he could make out the names on the signs over the different shops. Nearly all of them were strange to him, but there were two or three that he recollected as old family names in the town; and—yes! there was one that he remembered as the name of an old school-fellow. It was the same name that had struck so familiarly on his ear when mentioned last night by the landlord. Major Gregson read the sign again, slowly and carefully: "Thomas Crooke, Auctioneer and Valuer, House and Estate Agent."

"Poor Tom Crooke!" said the major as he shut up his glass, and prepared to strop his razors. "A little dark-eyed chap, always in a row; several years younger than me; in fact, I was only at the school one half after he came. I recollect him so well by reason of his great fight with Scroggins. And now he's an auctioneer! What queer changes the whirligig of time brings about! I must call and see Tom after breakfast."

Accordingly, no sooner was breakfast over than the major, taking his silver-mounted malacca, sauntered across the market-place as far as the office of Mr. Thomas Crooke. In answer to his inquiry, a dingy office-boy informed him that Mr. Crooke had not yet arrived, and that he was not expected till towards noon."

"I'll take a turn round the town, and call again later on," said Major Gregson to the boy. "Perhaps I may be able to hunt up one or two more old friends," he added to himself.

So the major, with his chest thrown forward, and his chin well up; with one arm resting in the small of his back, while the other flourished his malacca; and with quick, sharp glances that allowed little to escape them, paraded the town for a full couple of hours. Now and then, he would halt for a minute or two at the corner of some street, to take the bearings of the country, and to note what alterations had been made during the years he had been away. The noble tower of All Saints held him with a chain of sweetly solemn memories for a long time. "I might have left it but five minutes ago,, for any change that I can see in its grand old face," muttered the major, under his breath. "The change is in myself—in myself."

When he had earned a crick in his neck with staring up at the tower, he went into the church-yard, and finding a side-door open, he presently entered the church itself. As far as the major could see, he and the dead had the whole edifice to themselves, and he was not sorry that it should be so. Going into one of the many high-backed pews, he shut himself in, and then, after a brief prayer, he opened a Bible, and pulling on his spectacles, he read the lessons for the day. Then, after a quarter of an hour devoted to silent meditation, he let himself out of the pew, and taking possession of his hat, he walked out with hushed footsteps, feeling greatly refreshed in spirit.

By-and-by, he found himself on the banks of the pleasant, clear-running Derwent. Fresh food for meditation here. Recollections of happy boyish days, when he and his companions used to come bathing here; of boating excursions; of Sunday evening walks with his mother in yonder meadows, along a path that followed every bend and turn of the river, till one by one the stars came out, and the tower of All Saints took the evening mists to itself, and became a part of them. How all these things came back to him! At length he turned away with a sigh, and strolled back towards the busier parts of the town. Over a shop-door, in St. Peter's Street, he saw painted up: "Sampson Clowes, Tailor and Draper."

Major Gregson came to a stand on the opposite side of the street, and had a quiet laugh to himself. "What! old Sampson a tailor?" he said. "The biggest glutton in the school, and not far off being the biggest dunce; the boy who made himself ill with smoking bits of cane; the boy who made such a hullabaloo when he sat down on a lump of cobbler's wax, and found himself stuck fast to the form. Oh, I must go and see old Sampson!"

Major Gregson crossed the road, and entered the shop. There was no one in it but a stout, flabby-faced man, who was busy casting up a ledger. The major's hat came off with a ceremonious sweep.

"I presume that I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Sampson Clowes?" he said, with an urbane smile.

"I *am* Mr. Clowes," said the flabby man, looking up from his ledger with a sort of dog-in-the-manger expression.

"And I am Major Gregson, Isaac Gregson's son, that used to be of this town. You and I, Mr. Clowes, were school-boys together."

The flabby man, chewing his quill viciously, took a moment or two to digest this information; then he spoke. "Well, what of that?" he said.

"Merely this," said the major with his airiest manner; "that having just returned to my native town, after an absence of five and thirty years, and seeing your name over the door, I suddenly remembered it as the name of one of my old school fellows, and could not resist the impulse I felt to come in and see you."

The flabby man seemed to gasp for breath. "It may be as you say, sir," he returned. "I daresay it is. But my school-days are too far gone past for a plain business man like me to recollect much about 'em. Just got our stock of winter-goods in; and here's my young man, who will be happy to show you our latest novelties."

Ten minutes later, "Forlorn" Gregson emerged into the street, looking very forlorn indeed, leaving in the measurement-book of Mr. Clowes sundry cabalistic figures written under his name, having relation to "one pair of superfine black kerseymere smalls."

So the major went on his travels about the town rather more disconsolately than heretofore. He was somewhat cheered, however, by the sight of another name that he recognized, on a brass-plate on the door of a house in one of the most intensely respectable streets of the town: "Dr. Rufus Cropper."

Dr. Cropper was a very little man, pert and voluble. He recollected the major in a moment, and shook him cordially by the hand. "Old Isaac Gregson's son, to be sure. School-lads together, and all that. I remember you well, sir. You have risen to eminence, while we poor beggars have been vegetating here. We have seen your name in the newspapers, sir, and the old town is proud of her son. Glad to find you think of settling in the neighborhood. *Otium cum dignitate*, and all that, you know. Recollections of one's boyhood, as a rule, are all humbug. Life is full of humbug. If you can't contrive to "do" the world, the world will "do" you. That's my motto. Also, Take care of number one. That's another. Two-thirds of humbug to one of utility—that's the rule in every profession. Look at me. I'm a humbug. Ha! ha! But the world believes in me, and I pocket my fees. I daresay if the truth was known, major (no offence, you know,) you yourself are not far from a humbug—eh?"

"Very probably not," said the major grimly.

"Such being the case, what is the end that all philosophy teaches us? To deck the brows of Plutus with flowers; to mix business and pleasure in just proportions; to scrape together as many guineas as we possibly can, and enjoy to the full the goods which the gods provide us. And this brings to my mind the fact that I have a prime haunch of Welsh mutton for dinner to-day, and if you will take a knife and fork with me, major, I shall be most happy."

But the doctor's hospitable offer was declined, and the major got out of the house as quickly as possible. "Not the sort of man for me," said the major, with a shake of the head as soon as he got into the street; "by no means the sort of man for me. I think I will go and look up Tom Crooke."

This time, Mr. Crooke was in, and Major Gregson was ushered into a small inner office, dusty and unswept, placarded with the bills of past and gone auctions, and pervaded by a musty tap-room-like odor, as though the atmosphere had not yet been purged of the fumes of last night's grog and tobacco. The tenant of this den was a long-limbed, broad-chested man of forty-five; dark complexioned; clean shaven; with a crafty vulturine face, and bright, furtive, quick-glancing black eyes. He was well and fashionably dressed, and wore two or three rings of price; but his hands might have been cleaner; and his clothes were mud-stained and wine-stained, and seemed as if they had not been brushed for a month.

Major Gregson, in slow courteous accents, explained the reason of his visit, which he hoped Mr. Crooke would consider neither untimely nor misplaced.

Mr. Crooke was evidently at a loss how to sum up his visitor. All the time the major was addressing him, his black suspicious eyes were taking note of the old soldier from head to foot. It was something entirely out of the range of his experience to find a man claiming acquaintance with him on the score of an old school-friendship of thirty years ago. But Mr. Crooke was by no means devoid of perception, and had considerable powers of adaptability; and by the time the major had finished his little harangue, he had arrived at a tolerably correct notion of the *role* it behooved him to play in the little drama in which he was so unexpectedly cast for a leading part.

"Greatly honored, I'm sure, major, to find that my name has lived in your memory for so many years," he said, in quiet, suave accents. "Your fame has preceded you, and the old town has reason to be proud that one of her sons has achieved so brilliant a reputation."

"Please not talk in that strain," said the major, laying his hand gently on his companion's sleeve. "My fame, as you are pleased to call it, is, to me, a thing of very small value. I, in my turn, am glad to find that I am not forgotten by one who knew me when I was a boy. I have been unfortunate enough, Mr. Crooke, to lose every near relative I had since I went abroad, and I am, perhaps, more strongly disposed in consequence to cultivate those slighter ties of friendship which other men, more happily circumstanced than I am, might care less about. At all events, I am glad to have met you; and, as I have some thought of settling in these parts, I must claim the benefit of your professional experience, and ask you to assist me in my choice of a nest where I can fold my wings and be at peace for the remainder of my days."

"Most happy, I'm sure, major, if I can be of the slightest use in any way. Have you been long in Derby?"

"Only arrived last evening. Which reminds me, by-the-by, that on my road here from Nottingham I met with the same misfortune as happened to you last spring."

"To what misfortune do you allude?" asked Mr. Crooke with an anxiety in his voice that he could not disguise.

"To my being relieved of watch and purse by the same distinguished practitioner that performed a similar office for you. In plain English, I was robbed last night by a man mounted on a black mare with a white star in the middle of its forehead."

"Ah! now I understand," said Mr. Crooke dryly. "Yes, as you say, I was operated upon last spring by the same professor, and deucedly chagrined I was. A most audacious villain! He seems to set the whole constabulary force of the county at defiance."

"Tell you what, Tom Crooke," said the major, with emphasis, "it would be strange if you and I couldn't, by putting our wits together, devise some ruse for effecting the capture of this fellow! What say you, old chum?"

"I think your idea a most praiseworthy one," answered Crooke; "though whether it could be successfully carried out, is another matter. The man who rides the black mare with the white star, is an old fox, and scents a trap by instinct. However, we can think over the matter for a little while. You can impart your ideas of it to me, and I will impart mine to you."

"So be it," said the major, as he rose and began to draw on his gloves. "Business pretty brisk with you?"

"Tolerable," answered Crooke. "You see, this is how I'm fixed," he went on, more confidentially that before. "I've not much business to do in the town here—I don't care to cultivate it. The bulk of my work lies in the way of agencies and sales among the county families and gentry of the neighborhood. One way or another, I make a tidy thing of it, so I've no right to com-

plain. Of course, it takes me from home more than I like; and I'm obliged to keep a couple of serviceable nags, otherwise, I should never get through my work—some of it lies such long distances away."

"All the better for us, Tom—all the better for us," said the major. "I'll wager you three dozen of port that before three months are over, you and I between us will have effected the capture of your redoubtable Derbyshire Turpin!"

"You are over-sanguine, major," answered Crooke, with a laugh. "But the event will show. Meanwhile, I'll book your bet."

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### CHAPTER II.

Major Gregson sat long that evening over his dinner, and the bottle of dry sherry that followed it. He had invited Crooke to dine with him, but that individual had pleaded some pressing business as an excuse for declining the invitation; so the major partook of his meal in solitary state, and now sat with his chair drawn up to the fire—for a keen wind was blowing outside—and the decanter at his elbow, musing in somewhat melancholy mood.

As he had told Crooke, he had come to Derby with his mind half made up to settle either in the town itself, or in the immediate neighborhood of it. It was his native place; and all through his adventurous career in India and the North American provinces, his memory had clung to it tenaciously; and for years past, he had looked forward to the time when he should be able to retire from active service, and build up a happy little home for his old age among the hills and woods of Derbyshire, where old friends, whom he had not seen since he was a lad, would ever be welcome visitors. And now that time had come. He was his own master, free to come and go unshackled by the trammels of military life; he had amassed a comfortable share of this world's goods; and one of the first uses he had made of his new-found freedom had been to fulfill the secret wish of his heart, and visit the spot that was hallowed in his memory with all the fond associations of boyhood. And what, so far, had been the result of his visit? Something very nearly akin to disappointment, although he would not whisper that ugly word even to himself. As he had told Crooke, the lack of all closer ties had disposed him to think more highly of those slight threads which remained to him. He had been weak enough to believe other men as deeply impressed with such trifles as he was. He had been foolish enough to hope that the school-boy friends of thirty years ago would be school-boys at heart still, as he felt himself to be; and that the delicate edging of sentiment, with which, as with a sweet-smelling plant, his own daily life was rounded, must of necessity flourish equally in the lives of others. But to-day had sufficed to undeceive him. He could not help acknowledging to himself that the three friends whom he had succeeded in hunting up, by no means reached the height of his ideal standard which he had fixed up in his own mind to measure them by. The world's corrosion had eaten too deeply into their souls. From the three of them together it would have been difficult to eliminate one tolerable gentleman, and this was a fact to which the major could by no means shut his eyes. They would be no fit association for him, should he come to settle in this part of the country. But could he really make up his mind so to do? Now that he had seen the town—how mean and small it looked; how dull and commonplace. Should he not feel that he was burying himself alive to make his home in such a spot? To be sure, there was the country; and it would be easy enough, by means of the introductions which he could command at any time, to gradually form a pleasant circle of acquaintances among the best families in the neighborhood. His father, it is true, had been neither more nor less than a draper in Derby; but he himself—Major Isaac Gregson—was a man of note; a man whose name had been mentioned specially in the war-dispatches on more than one occasion; and the county would welcome him gladly as an acquisition of whom it might be reasonably proud.

In the course of the next few days, the major's fame went abroad in the little town; for the landlord of the *Brown Bear*—who never seemed quite able to get over his surprise at finding so tremendous a fire-eater so short of stature and so mild of demeanor—took care to inform all and sundry who frequented his bar-parlor, that the quiet-looking gentleman in number three was none other than the celebrated Major Gregson, of whose exploits everybody had heard—"A man, sir, who has killed more black chaps than any other man living; who has fought a tiger single-handed; and who yet reads his Bible every night like a Christian." From this source the news spread in ever-widening circles; and on the third day of his stay, the major was surprised by a visit from the mayor, who, having, as he said, heard of the arrival of his distinguished townsman, had come to pay his respects, and at the same time request the honor of the major's company to dinner. Other invitations followed quickly from some of the best people in the town, and the major found himself in clover. He began to think that, after all, he might do worse than pitch his tent within the hospitable gates of his native place. He even went the length of consulting Tom Crooke as to whether there was any likely house in the town in want of a tenant, or any small estate for sale in the neighborhood that would suit at once his tastes and his pocket. But Crooke had nothing suitable on his books just then.

At this second interview with the auctioneer, Major Gregson was more reserved, both in his speech and demeanor, than he had been on the previous occasion. What he had been told in the interim respecting Mr. Thomas Crooke, had not been to the credit of that individual. He had been told, on authority, that he could not doubt, that Crooke was idle, vicious, and dissipated; that he was a gambler, and a drunkard, and that his ill-treatment of his wife was a notorious fact. Now, Crooke's wife, as Major Gregson further heard, was his old schoolmaster's daughter, Letty Leyland by name, and he had a very vivid recollection of her, as a dark-eyed beautiful child, when he was a boy at school. As such, she had taken firm hold of his imagination; for years after he had left school, when he was in India, a young subaltern with a few guineas in his purse, slowly fighting his way upward, he had had pleasant love-dreams, of which Letty Leyland, as a dark-eyed houri, just budding into womanhood, had formed the central figure. But these were dreams of long ago; and Letty Leyland was now Mrs. Crooke—a middle-aged, ill-used woman, the wife of a profligate and a drunkard.

He met her on one occasion in the outskirts of the town, as he was taking his forenoon constitutional. He knew her the moment he saw her. It must have been something of the old look in her eyes, combined with some fine instinct of his own heart, that told him who she was. She was quite a plain-looking woman now, with gray hair and homely attire; but the major's heart warmed unaccountably toward her, as he stopped in front of her, and lifted his hat.

"Pardon me for addressing you," he said; "but I am an old scholar of Dr. Leyland's, and, if I mistake not, you are his daughter."

"I am, or rather was," said Mrs. Crooke, flushing painfully, "for my father has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"I knew you again, although it is over thirty years since I was at school. But you are now Mrs. Crooke, are you not?"

"I am."

"Pardon me, but you look as if you had seen much trouble."

"Then my looks do not belie me," she said, with a bitter smile. "Do you know what it is never to lie down at night without wishing that you may never get up again? Do you know what it is never to rise in the morning without wishing that you may be dead before sunset? But of course you do not. What should a prosperous gentleman like you know of such matters?—Happiness! I almost forget that there is such a word in the language."

"Mrs. Crooke, you have my warmest sympathy in your troubles—my sympathy and respect. Your father was the best friend my youth ever knew; and should you, in your turn, ever need the assistance of a friend, I hope you will grant me the privilege of acting in that light towards you. There is my card, which I pray you to accept. The name on it may be unknown to you; but were your father alive, he would at once remember it." Unaccustomed tears stood in the major's eyes as he spoke thus.

"You are a good man," said Mrs. Crooke earnestly, as she took the card; "and I thank you for your offer; but it is not likely that I shall ever trouble you. Your ways and mine lie widely apart, and we must each of us bear our own burden after our own fashion." She held out her hand as she spoke. The major took it, and pressed it respectfully in his; and then, without another word, they parted.

"What a consummate villain the fellow must be to ill-treat that woman!" muttered the major to himself as he went on his way.

He called on Crooke two or three times a week, but it was rarely he could find that person at his office. When he did succeed in seeing him, he confined the conversation entirely to business topics; for however much the major's opinion of Crooke might have altered since their first interview, having once promised him certain remunerative commissions, he was too conscientious a man not to fulfill that promise to the strictest letter. Meanwhile, new friends were gathering round the old soldier day by day; and day by day he found the little town becoming a more agreeable tarrying-place, and even beginning to invest itself, in his thoughts, with a home-like aspect, such as a tired wanderer like himself knew how to appreciate.

It so fell out, about this time, that Major Gregson accepted an invitation to visit one of his new-found friend at Melbourne, a small hamlet ten or a dozen miles from Derby. The major went, stayed two nights, and decided to return to Derby after dinner on the evening of the third day. As on the occasion of his memorable journey from Nottingham, he had travelled by post-chaise, so he now adopted the same method of locomotion. His friend's dinner had been good, the wines superb, and before the chaise had got three miles out of Melbourne, the major was in a comfortable postprandial snooze. He was suddenly and disagreeably aroused by the putting down of the chaise-window, by the presentation of a pistol at his head, and by a peremptory demand for his watch and purse. The major was in dinner-dress, and unarmed. To resist would have been the height of folly. Under such circumstances, to submit with a good grace is the best philosophy. The major's coolness did not desert him.

"Here is my purse," said he. "Fortunately, it is not very heavy. As for my watch, unless I am mistaken, you are the individual who relieved me of it a few weeks ago, and I am happy to think that I have not bought another since that time."

The highwayman took the purse without a word, raised his hat, bowed politely, and vanished.

"As I live, the identical fellow that robbed me before," muttered the major, as the clatter of hoofs died away down the stony road. "The Derbyshire Turpin—the fellow with the blackened face, and mounted on a black horse with a white star. A pretty thing to say of one of his majesty's officers—that he has been twice robbed by the same man, without so much as firing a single shot in his own defence. What would Colonel Chowder and old Bottomley think?"

What the landlord of the *Brown Bear* thought, and what the landlord's guests thought, as the major descended from the chaise, and walked up-stairs in grim silence to his own room, leaving the post-boy to tell the tale, was, that of all unlucky gentlemen, he was the most unlucky. The topic was a thirsty one, and could not be properly discussed without frequent fresh glasses; and more people came in, so that, by-and-by, the house became quite crowded; and the post-boy was had into the parlor, and his story pumped out of him at least twenty times in the course of a couple of hours, to compensate for which exhaustive process as much drink was poured into him as his carcass would hold, so that, finally, he had to be carried to bed in a state of hopeless imbecility.

The major's man coming down-stairs when he had finally disposed of his master for the night, admitted to the landlord, in the discreetest of whispers, that "he never before see the old boy so much put out of his way."

"He's a gentleman as never swears, the major is," went on the man; "but when he talks aloud to-hisself, as he did to-night, and stares so with his eyes, as if he saw something that nobody else could see, why, then I know there's something more than common on his mind."

The landlord was dying to ask what it was the major talked about, but he merely said: "Ay, ay, that was very strange now, wasn't it?"

"You wouldn't think it strange if you knew the major as well as I know him," responded the man. "What seemed to trouble his mind most was, that he should be twice robbed by one man without having a single shot at the blackguard. You may take your davy that he won't go rambling about the country again without his pistols."

Major Gregson's sleep that night was troubled, haunted by uncanny dreams, from which he woke up three or four times with a start. At last, just as the first faint streaks of daylight were beginning to chase away the darkness, he got out of bed, and slipping into his dressing-gown and slippers, he took to pacing his bedroom from end to end, repeating to himself long passages from the Psalms and the Book of Job as he did so.

The major was still pacing his bed-room when the grave-like silence outside was broken by the faint sound of a horse's tramp. Very faint and far off it sounded at first, but momently coming nearer, and presently penetrating the bed-room, it attracted the major's ear. He stopped in his walk to listen. The gray light of dawn filled the street by this time, and all objects were clearly visible. The quick tramp of the horse came nearer and nearer. The major was still listening with an absent look on his face, as though his thoughts were far away, when a peculiar something in the regular tramp, tramp of the coming horse, which was now close at hand, startled him, in one brief instant, into vivid life. The look on his face changed into one of the most breathless anxiety. Two strides carried him to the window; it was the work of an instant to pluck back the blind, and to peer out, with face close pressed to the panes, into the gray, solitary street. He was just in time to see a black-cloaked figure, mounted on a big black horse, ride swiftly past. As the horseman rode by, the sound that had so startled Major Gregson was plainly audible; it was the clank of a loose shoe on the hard flints of the road.

When the sound had died completely away in the distance, the major drew back the window, and let the blind fall into its place. He sighed deeply, and sat down on the nearest chair. He was very pale and very grave, and looked like a man on whom had fallen the sudden shock of ill news. "Great Heaven, to think that it should indeed be so!" he murmured. After that, he sat for more than an hour without speaking or moving, thinking intently. Then he shaved and dressed, and went out for a walk, still with the same deep gravity of manner upon him.

All that day, and for the two following days, Major Gregson scarcely stirred out of his rooms, except to take a quiet walk early in the morning or late in the evening, when there was little chance of meeting any of his acquaintances. His mind was evidently ill at ease; but he kept his own counsel, and spoke no word to any one of the secret care that was brooding over him. The third night he sat up later than usual, writing busily. When he had filled three sides of a sheet of foolscap, he read over what he had written, and signed it. Then he folded up the document in a large sheet, and sealed it carefully, and wrote outside: "To be opened in case of my death on 29th instant."

When this was done, he turned to his diary, and wrote as follows: "This day-week I shall (D.V.) go to Notts, and draw two hundred guineas out of the bank for a purpose that I wot of.

"During the two days and nights just past, I have been inwardly admonished to do a particular thing, and I dare not refuse. The trial has been a sore one; but when it became evident that there was no other door open to me, and that I must subordinate and utterly crush my own weak will in this matter, then I said: 'So let it be;' since which time great inward peace has been mine.

"In case I should not come back alive, I have left in my desk a statement of my reasons for doing as I purpose to do; for I would not have it thought that I entered on this expedition rashly, or without much prayerful entreaty that my darkness might be lightened.

"Though dark my path, and tempests never cease,
Let me but touch Thy hand, and all is peace.

"To read a chapter of the *Holy Living and Dying*, and then to bed."

The major's man was pleased next morning to find that his master's cheerfulness had come back to him, and that the cloud of care which had brooded over him for the last few days had at length taken to itself wings and vanished. Yes, the major's sunny, cheerful manner had come back, but with more frequent pauses of silent thought than heretofore, with a greater liking for solitary walks, and a more constant reading of godly books.

The morning of the twenty-ninth came in due course, and immediately after breakfast the major said to himself, as though he were stating a proposition that might by chance be open to dispute: "I must go and see Tom Crooke." Accordingly, he went in search of Mr. Crooke, and was fortunate enough to find that worthy in his office.

"I am going to Nottingham by the mid-day coach, Tom Crooke," said the major, "and I want you to take a holiday and go with me." He spoke this morning in a tone of greater cordiality than he had used since their first meeting.

"Much obliged to you, major," said Crooke dryly; "but as to taking a holiday to-day, I hardly see my way to do so—so very busy, you see. Of course, if it's a matter of business that you want me on, I must put other things on one side, and go with you."

"But it's not a matter of business," said Major Gregson. "I won't have the affair put on that footing. I am going to Nottingham simply to draw a couple of hundred guineas out of the bank, which I want for a certain purpose; and if you will go with me, we'll have a comfortable little dinner together, and some of the best wine that can be had for love or money, and be altogether as jolly as a couple of sand-boys. Say that you'll go, Tom Crooke."

"Do you bank at Nottingham, major, that you have to go there for your money?" asked Crooke, without heeding the latter part of the major's speech.

"I do bank at Nottingham," answered the old soldier. "A half-cousin of my father's is in that business, and all my little savings are in his keeping."

"At what hour do you purpose leaving Nottingham on your return?"

"If you go with me, we will return at whatever hour may suit you best. If I go alone, I shall not set out on my way back till a late hour—say, eight or nine o'clock—having a few calls which may as well be made if I have not the pleasure of your company. But you will go with me, will you not?"

"Sorry, major, to be obliged to decline your kind invitation, but the business I have on hand admits of no delay—at least, not for holiday purposes. Are you not afraid, by-the-by, to travel with so much money in your possession? Suppose the rider of the black mare with the white star should bid you stand and deliver for the third time?"

"Who ever heard of a man being stopped three times in succession by the same thief? No; I consider that I am far safer this time than if I had never been robbed at all. Do not you agree with me?"

"It may be as you say, major," replied Crooke with a sneer. "But I would not advise you to trust too implicitly in such a doctrine."

"But you are the only person who knows of my errand to Nottingham," said the major; "consequently, I am unable to see in what way I am running any extraordinary risk of having so large a sum of money about me."

"Oh, the rider of the black mare has a happy knack of finding out that sort of secret," said Crooke with a laugh. "However, I hope with all my heart that you may get back safe and sound, and with your guineas in your pocket.—How about our bet, by-the-by? How about the three dozen of port? The three months are slipping quietly away, yet you seem no nearer towards effecting your object."

"I *am* nearer my object, Tom Crooke. I am six weeks nearer it," said the major. If I live, I shall win my wager."

"I don't think you will, Major Gregson," said Crooke, tossing his penknife into the air, and catching it dexterously as it fell. "I really don't think you will win your wager."

"The event will prove," answered the major solemnly. "For the last time, I ask you, Thomas Crooke—will you go with me?"

"And for the last time, Major Gregson, I positively answer, No."

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Major Gregson had the inside of the coach to himself that day as he journeyed from Derby to Nottingham, and his melancholy musings were unbroken till he reached the journey's end. He proceeded at once to the bank, and drew out two hundred guineas, which, sealed up in a canvas bag, he deposited temporarily with the landlord of the hotel at which he had ordered his dinner. He then debated within himself whether he should call upon his few Nottingham acquaintances, but finally decided that, to-day, he was not in spirits for society. Instead, he took a walk through the meadows by the banks of the Trent, and found his way back to the hotel at dusk. When he had dined, and a very poor dinner he made, he sat brooding over the fire, leaving untouched the wine at his elbow, waiting till the clock should strike eight, at which hour he had ordered a post-chaise to be in readiness. At half-past seven, he took out his little pocket-Bible, and read a chapter slowly and devoutly. At a quarter to eight, he drew, one by one, from the pocket of his travelling-cloak, a small oblong mahogany-case, a powder-flask, and a tiny bag, holding some half-dozen bullets. The mahogany-case held a brace of pistols, which Major Gregson now proceeded to load with the utmost care. This done, he rang for his bill, put on his cloak and hat; and carrying the pistols under his arm, he went down stairs, and was shut up inside the chaise. The bag containing the two hundred guineas was stowed away in a small locker near his feet.

For the first few miles of the road, Major Gregson let the pistols lie unheeded beside him; but as soon as the sixth milestone was passed, he drew himself up with military precision, as though he had received the word of command, and grasped his weapons, one in each hand. The moon was in her second quarter, and the night was bright, clear, and windy. Both windows of the chaise were purposely left open. The major sat bolt upright, turning his sharp eyes from one window to the other, and listening with all his might for the sound of approaching hoofs. His cloak was wrapped well around him, for the night was chilly. He sat with both his pistols at full cock, the barrels protruding from the folds of his cloak in a line with the windows of the chaise. His face was very stern and resolute; and could the landlord of the *Brown Bear* have seen his guest at that moment, he would have been able to form a tolerable idea of how Forlorn Gregson looked when about to head one of his desperate charges, and might have been strengthened in faith as to his undoubted qualities as a fire-eater.

The chaise, keeping up its monotonous jog-trot, passed one milestone after another till the twelfth of them was left behind, the major still sitting bolt upright, as grimly watchful as a tiger in its lair that scents the hunters from afar. Suddenly, a faint sound struck upon his ear. His head went forward an inch or two in the anxiety to listen, and his muscles tightened like steel. The same instant, the post-boy, with an oath, drove the spur deep into his horse's flanks, and the crazy old chaise started forward at a headlong pace. They had gone thus but a few yards, as it seemed, when a dark mounted figure shot past the window, and wheeling swiftly round, on the affrighted post-boy, brought the whole concern to a dead halt. Next instant, the dark mounted figure was at the window, and a pistol was protruded into the chaise. "Your money, or your life!"

Those were his last words on earth. A slight movement of the major's elbow, a contraction of his forefinger, a flash, an explosion, and with a wild inarticulate cry, the highwayman fell from his horse, shot clean through the heart. With a loud snort of terror, the horse started off, dragging the dead man at its heels; but before it had gone more than twenty yards, the robber's foot slipped out of the stirrup, and the horse, freed from its burden, went off at terrific pace down the road.

Major Gregson, assisted by the postilion, carried the dead man back to the chaise, and then proceeded to examine into his condition by the light of one of the chaise-lamps.

"Dead as a door-nail," said the postilion, after a few moments.

"Even so," answered the major, sadly. "As I thought—as I thought," he added under his breath. "He courted his fate, and his blood be on his own head."

"Why, the black comes off his face," said the postilion, in surprise. "I thought when I saw him first that it was his natural color."

"It was only put on by way of disguise," said the major.

They then put the dead robber into the chaise, and performed the rest of their journey at a footpace, the major walking by the side of the chaise. It was very late when they got into Derby, and they went straight to the house of the chief-constable, and knocked him up. The major told his story, and the body was taken out and placed for the night on the table of a small waiting-room. One of the constables throwing the light of his lantern into the face of the dead man, started back in dismay.

"Tom Crooke's face, as I live!" he exclaimed.

"It *is* the face of Thomas Crooke," said Major Gregson, solemnly. "He and the rider of the black mare with the white star were one and the same man."

Late as was the hour, Major Gregson's first act, on getting back to his hotel, was to induce the wife of his landlord, who was a kindly good-hearted soul, to go at once to Mrs. Crooke, and break to her, as gently as might be, the news of the sad fate that had befallen her husband.

In the coure of next day, a jury was impannelled to sit upon the body of the dead highwayman. Major Gregson and the post-boy were summoned to give evidence. The major's statement was simple, and to the point.

"Having been unfortunate enough," he said, "to be twice robbed within the space of six weeks, I determined to protect myself for the future as far as it lay in my power to do so. Yesterday, I had occasion to go Nottingham to draw from the bank the sum of two hundred guineas, and on my return I armed myself with my pistols. The moment the highwayman presented himself at the window of the chaise, I shot him dead."

The postilion gave confirmatory evidence as far as his knowledge went. The verdict of the jury, given without a moment's hesitation, was one of "Justifiable Homicide," coupled with a vote of thanks to Major Gregson for the bravery displayed by him in ridding society of one of its greatest pests.

Just as the case was finished, Crooke's horse, which had been captured a mile or two out of Derby, was brought to the door of the hotel where the jury were sitting. It was recognized by several there as the black mare which Crooke had kept for the ostensible purpose of going about the country on his business avocations; only, there was this singular fact to be observed, that the captured mare was marked with a large, white star in the middle of its forehead, whereas the auctioneer's favorite animal was known to be entirely black.

"Fetch a little warm water and a sponge," said Major Gregson.

The hint was acted on; and the star was washed out without difficulty.

Through the intercession of Major Gregson, the body of Crooke was given up to his widow, instead of being handed over to the medical authorities for dissection, which would otherwise have been its fate.

The major, in his evidence before the jury, made no mention of the little incident which had been the means of first directing his suspicions towards Crooke. When he was robbed for the second time, on his way from Melbourne, as the highwayman galloped off, the major's quick ears detected that one of his horse's shoes was loose. Such a trifling fact would have soon escaped his memory, had he not, a few hours later—at daybreak next morning, as he was packing his bed-room—heard the same sound again. The major, looking out of his window, saw that, on this occasion, the rider of the horse with the loose shoe was none other than Tom Crooke; and from that moment the conviction was borne forcibly in upon his mind that his old schoolfellow and the rider of the black mare with the white star was one and the same. Of the mental process by means of which the major arrived at the conviction that to him was delegated the duty of ridding society of this man, we have no hint beyond those conveyed in the extract from his diary already given. The major would seem to have fought against this conviction up to the last moment, judging from the pains he took to induce Crooke to accompany him to Nottingham as a friend; but when he found his invitation so peremptorily declined, he was none the less sternly determined to go through with the duty which, as he conceived, had been laid upon him.

For some unexplained reason, Derby seemed to become distasteful to Major Gregson after the death of Crooke. About a fortnight later, he returned to London, from which place he went to Bath; and for the remainder of his life he oscillated between the two, dying ultimately at the latter place at the great age of ninety.

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### The Fisherman's Wife.

Prudent or otherwise, the fisherman will marry. Without a roof, without a rod of land or a floating timber head, he will marry like the rest of mankind. He hires a room or two, a bed, a stove, a few chairs, a clock, a table, cutlery and crockery to set it, and his home is complete. A carpet is a luxury. Said a fisherman's three-months' bride to a landlord: "You needn't paint the floor; I've got a carpet to put on it." You should have heard the tone with which this was uttered. Carpet!—it was a brown stone front, carriage and span, and a trip to Paris to her.

The absent fisherman may or may not be due, but the anxious wife will be sure to look for him early. This looking for can last but a few weeks. The inevitable conclusion must be accepted if absent longer. No vessel has ever arrived after having been given up as lost by the owner.

The picture of a wife and mother sick at home drew a skipper to run from the security of a harbor homeward, with a storm pending. Though the wife heard, as she thought, his accustomed rap under her window as a signal for her to open the door, he never came; but the certainty, instead, that the vessel's crew perished on Cape Cod. Changes often meet him on his return.

A young wife, about to become a mother, said to her husband, who was loth to leave her, "Go, John, I shall do well; you know you cannot afford to lose the trip." He went; in a couple of months he returned. You don't know how many names he had selected for his boy or girl; neither do I. You do not know the hope that was in his heart as he lifted the latch; none knew. What! no welcome? The curtains down; the room cheerless and silent. Babe and mother died and were buried together—the neighbors told him.

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EUGENIE'S RELATIVES.—Rev. Dr. Prime, in one of his letters from Spain, says:—"Benfaken pointed out, as we passed, the modest mansion in which the present beautiful Empress of the French was born. Her father, Count Montejo, fell in love with a daughter of the British Consul at Malaga, Mr. Kirkpatrick, whose name unites Scotland and Ireland. The Count married her, and Eugenie is their daughter. Her grandfather is, therefore, a Scotch-Irish-English gentleman. She is a fair Empress. Some of her relatives are not of much account. One of them asked of me the gift of a glass of whiskey."

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☞ Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of womankind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

### Elopement Extraordinary of a New York Merchant.

"Burleigh," the New York correspondent of the Boston Journal tells the following story:

"Not far from where I write, one of the most extraordinary elopements has taken place, with a most tragical sequel. A merchant of standing and wealth had a family consisting of his wife and several children. The lady had great personal beauty, was very accomplished and intelligent, a capital housekeeper and earnest Christian, and greatly devoted to her family. Not far from her residence lived a lady of twenty-three summers, tall, coarse featured, and as unattractive as could be imagined. Her mother was dead, and she kept house for her father. The visits of the merchant to this house attracted considerable attention. It was known, however, that the father was generally present at the visits of the merchant, and the community was generally divided about the matter. Riding and walking succeeded, and the scandal became general.

"On Monday morning the merchant informed his wife that he was going to leave—that he was going to sail for California, and take the girl with him. Her father, he said, had given his consent, and agreed to keep the thing secret till after his departure. He told her that no power could prevent his leaving. If she kept quiet until after he was gone he would give her the house in which she lived, and $2,000 in money. If she did not, he would go all the same, but would leave her penniless. He asked her to fix his linen, and pack his trunk, and have it ready by Thursday morning, all of which she agreed to do. He bought a trunk for the girl, and gave her two hundred dollars for her outfit. On Thursday morning he left his home. While his hand was on the door-latch his wife told him she should remain just where she was, and take care of the children, and if at any time he wished to come back the door would be open to him. He went over to the house where the young woman was in waiting. He gave her father some money, and he accompanied the parties to the cars. On their way down the father referred to some expenses he had incurred in giving his daughter music lessons. The merchant handed him two hundred dollars, which he pronounced satisfactory. After the train had started, the old man told the story of the elopement. When some one remarked to him that the merchant would desert his daughter as he had his wife, he said that it was impossible, for he had never seen such love between two persons before. When he was asked why he did not put a stop to a step that could only be fraught with misery to all sides, he said that his daughter, when she told him of her intended journey, showed him a bottle of poison, and said if he opened his head on the matter till after she was gone she would poison him and herself too. And she would have done it, he said.

"The sequel to this affair is more than usually tragical. The parties sailed immediately for California, and for some reason not explained took the return vessel back to New York. They landed in the city, where the girl was left at a hotel, penniless. She succeeded in reaching this place, deserted, and sent immediately for her father, who visited her at the hotel. She agreed to go home with him in the morning. He called for her at the time agreed upon. He found her a corpse. She had committed suicide during the night. In the meantime the merchant had not been heard from after deserting the girl at the hotel. Ten days ago he appeared at the door of his own house. True to her promise and true to her womanly love, she threw the doors wide open and bade him welcome. Hidden from the eye of his neighbors and friends he remains indoors."

### Manners of our Countrywomen.

Some one writes to the New York Sun:—

"The contrast between the manners of the American and English women in the street is very noticeable, and abroad, our manners are looked upon with no little distrust, if not reprehension. In the first place, American women average as tall as the English, but the former are more elastic and slender in their proportion; their small feet and limber ankles give them elegance and springiness at once graceful and captivating. Their heads sit more elegantly upon their shoulders, and their girdle is more trim, and the bust less redundant. The full, well-developed American woman is a much handsomer object at forty than an English woman, but we have fewer of them; while the majority of English women are fat and fair at forty. We have more beautiful women at sixty than the English, because the latter bloom out into luxuriant cabbages or sumptuous peonies at that age; while their transatlantic sisters will often retain a lovely complexion, an elastic step, and be quite *spirituelle* at sixty. If grand old women, of the Hecuba stamp, grave, calm, Sybilline, such as might do the heart of a Michael Angelo good, are ever to be found anywhere, we must look at home for them.

"One day, I remember, I was walking in London, when I saw two young girls ahead of me—light, airy, pretty girls, who tossed their heads and minced their feet wondrously, and quite to the displeasure of the sober English women, whose staid movements would never subject them to observation. Suddenly, the girls rushed forward and threw their arms around the neck of a third, half smothering her with hugs and kisses. People stopped and looked on indignant. 'Americans!' passed from mouth to mouth, and stout English matrons reddened with outraged decorum; the police hurried up in consternation; but the girls had created their little sensation and passed on as demurely as kittens."

☞ "I say, Pompey," said one freedman to another, "dis chile has tried lots ob gift fairs and tings for a prize, but nebber could draw anything at all." "Well, Cæsar, I'd 'vise you to try a hand-cart; de chances are a thousand to one dat you could draw dat."

☞ A countryman went into the New York Recorder's Court the other day, and after looking about for a time, asked a bystander to "show him the prisoners," who whereupon pointed to the jury, who were sitting culprit-like in their box. The stranger surveyed them critically, when turning to his informer, he remarked: "Well, they are a hard-looking set, ain't they? I know by their looks they ought to go to the state prison, every one of them."

☞ It is curious, if true, as stated by a scientific paper, that people with gray eyes are better marksmen with the rifle than persons with eyes of other colors.

☞ "Do you ever have any 'hops' in Maine?" asked a Newport belle, who was dressing for a ball, of a country cousin from the Pine state. "Oh, yes, lots; pa has forty acres of 'em in one field."

### Science and Common Sense.

A friend of ours, now a major, and whom we will designate by that title, was, previous to the war, engaged with a party of engineers in surveying a route for a proposed railroad in the state of Iowa. At night they were accustomed to stop at the farm-houses where they chanced to be. One night, while at one of the houses, and just before they were ready to retire, the host came rushing in, much agitated, and said that his heifer had fallen into the well. It seems that they had been digging a well, which was about fifteen feet down, and had covered it over with boards, and the heifer, in walking over, had gone down through.

The whole party went out with their lanterns to help the "critter" out, and, of course, the chief engineer, who was a scientific man, took charge of the job. He ordered a large pole to be brought, by which they measured the depth of the well, and then he and his assistant went out into the barn to make a calculation as to how far from the well they would have to begin to dig a trench, in order to get a proper inclination, so that the "critter" could walk out to the surface. Above the well was arranged a horizontal windlass, turned by cranks, which was used to raise the earth out of the well.

As soon as the man of science had gone into the barn, the thought struck the practical major that they might tie a rope around the heifer's neck, and hoist her out before the engineer got through with his calculations.

The major suggested the plan to the old man, who seemed to be rather taken with the idea. So procuring a rope, he went down into the well according to the major's direction, to tie it around the animal's neck.

"What kind of a knot shall I tie?" said the old man.

"Any kind you please—a slipnoose, if you like," replied the major. "We will get her out before she chokes, any way; only place the knot under the jaw."

So the old man adjusted the rope and came up. They began to turn the windlass, and the heifer was very soon brought to the surface and swung off on the ground. They all thought she was dead at first, but trying one leg after another, and finding all right, she got up and walked off as if nothing had happened. In a few minutes out came the man of figures with his calculations all complete.

"Get your spades," said he; "we have to begin so many feet from the well to dig the trench."

But a few minutes only had elapsed when the whole crowd broke out into a hearty laugh, and the mystery was made known to the engineer.

"That," said the major, "is what I call common sense against science."

The engineer got so angry about the matter that he did not speak to the major for several weeks.—*Maine Press.*

### Why We Shake Hands.

A learned Theban gives us the solution of the frequently conjectured problem. In the first place it is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. Jehu said to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart glad, my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." It is not merely an old-fashioned custom; it is a strictly natural one, and as usual in such cases, we may find a physiological reason if we only take the pains to search for it. The animals cultivate friendship by the sense of touch as well as by the sense of hearing and sight; and for this purpose they employ the most sensitive parts of their bodies. They rub their noses together, or they lick one another with their tongues. Now, the hand is part of the human body in which the sense of touch is highly developed, and after the manner of animals we not only like to see and hear our friend; we also like to touch him, and promote the kindly feelings by the contact and reciprocal pressure of the sensitive hands.

Observe, too, how this principle is illustrated by another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to determine whether a substance be perfectly smooth, and are not quite satisfied with the information conveyed by the fingers, we apply it to the lips and rub it gently upon them. We do so because we know, by experiende, that the sense of touch is much more actively developed in the lips than in the hands. Accordingly, when we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings we are not content with the contact of the hands, and we bring the lips into service. A shake of hands for friendship is undemonstrative English, at least; but a kiss is the token of a more tender affection.

### The Peabody Medal.

The medal ordered by Congress to testify national approval of Mr. Peabody's munificent generosity in aid of education in the South has been completed, and is in the temporary custody of the State Department. It is a work of great beauty of design and workmanship, far in advance of anything of the kind heretofore produced in America, and deemed by *connoisseurs* as fully equal to the best work of the ablest gold workers of Europe. The front disc presents a faithful portrait in bas-relief of Mr. Peabody, and is supported on the right by a figure of Benevolence leaning affectionately over the medal, and having in her right hand a wreath of laurel. On the left, in which direction the head of the philanthropist is looking, rises the Palmetto, very beautifully portrayed, at the foot of which are two children indicating, respectively, the white and colored races, in graceful attitudes of thankfulness. On the plinth, and immediately under the bust of Mr. Peabody, is the shield of the Union—the blue field and the red and white stripes being in enamel—and on either side, under the figures alluded to, the words "Education" and "Benevolence." On the reverse of the medal is a suitable inscription, while on the plinth, or resting against it, are the Bible, moveable globe, wheel, rule, compass, and other scientific and educational emblems, finished with great minuteness. The whole is of solid gold, the casket of ebony and bird's eye maple, lined with purple velvet. The story told by the design is eminently suggestive, and conveys a beautiful and touching story.—*Nat. Intel.*

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.—Oh Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant me to become beautiful in the inner man, and that whatever outward things I may have may be at peace with those within.

May I deem the wise man rich, and may I have such a portion of gold as none but a prudent man can either bear or employ.

Do we need anything else, Phædrus? For myself I have prayed enough.—*Prayers of the Ages.*


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☞ Payment is required in advance.

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☞ "I'm a 'tickler friend to you," as the snuff said to the nose.

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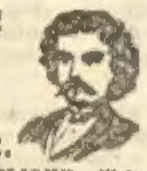

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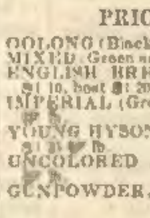

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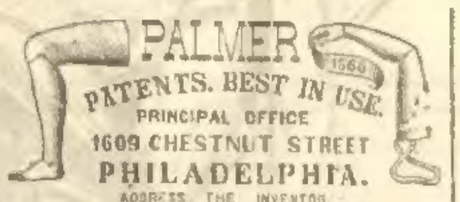


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*No other concern has any show wherever our Agents are selling.* Our motto, "Prompt and Reliable." Male and female agents wanted in city and country.

THE LADIES

Are particularly requested to try our popular club system of selling all kinds of DRY AND FANCY GOODS, DRESS PATTERNS, COTTON CLOTH, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED GOODS, WATCHES, &c. (Established 1864.) A patent pen fountain and a chock describing an article to be sold for a dollar, 10 cts.; 20 for $2; 40 for $4; 60 for $6; 100 for $10; sent by mail. Free presents to getter up, (*worth 50 per cent. more than those sent by any other concern,*) according to size of club. Send us a trial club, or if not do not fail to send for a circular.

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Made of Pure Bell Metal,
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GOOD AGENTS wanted to introduce our new STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE—*Stitch alike on both sides.* The only first class, low priced machine in the market. WE WILL CONSIGN MACHINES to responsible parties AND EMPLOY ENERGETIC AGENTS ON A SALARY. Full particulars and sample work furnished on application. Address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. my22-13t

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*Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap*

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

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jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

### WRECKED ON THE SANDWICHES.

Some unfortunate traveller thus apostrophizes the fearful sandwich that was served up to him at some cannibal railroad station:

Stringy and old, and lame and halt,
Was the pig whose flesh was put to salt.

Such gristly stuff was the salted meat,
That it seemed about half fit to eat.

They hacked it in chunks with a knife so blunt,
That it almost made the animal grunt.

They offer the sandwich chunks for sale
To the hungry folks who ride by rail.

A lunch for a famished man to eat,
Two chunks of bread and a chunk of meat.

The bread so sour and the meat so tough,
That a bite or two is bite enough.

The butter's rank and the mustard's strong,
And that is the end of my Sandwich Song.

### The Indignant German.

An excited individual of the Teutonic persuasion rushed into the mayor's office at Baton Rouge and inquired for that worthy functionary. He was told by Tom B. that the mayor was subjected to the ordinary human infirmity of occasionally eating something, and had therefore gone to his dinner.

"What do you want of him?" inquired that impassive officer.

"I vants—I vants Mister Heelum to gif me ein baper to kill a tog vot pites me in te leg," answered the Dutchman.

"Ah! you want an order of execution issued against a vicious canine," said Tom, who has a smattering of legal acquirements.

"No, I tustant vant no such thing. I vant one baper to tell me to kill te bup. He pites my leg so bad you nebber see. I kits ter hyterfobia, py tam, unt I vant to kill him, or I gets mad too."

"Oh! now I see," said Tom, "you want authority to proceed with force of arms against the dangerous animal."

"Mein Got, no! dat is not vat I vant. I vant to mare to git me vone license to kill te tog. I vants him to make me ein baper so ven I kills te tog he can nicht go inter to court and swear against me."

"The dog swear against you?"

"Nein, not te dog; te man vot owns te tog. You see, if I kills him—"

"What, kill the man?"

"Nein, te tog; und te man shues me for te price of te tog, den I vants te law on my side, you see!"

"Ah! now I understand you," said Tom, greatly amused at the German, and humorously intent on exhausting his patience; "then you want to get a warrant to arrest the man who owns the dog, so that the animal may not bite you again."

"No, no! Got in himmel! no! you kits every dings py te tail," cried the German, who began to think Tom was making fun of him. "I dinks you want to make chokes mit me! Der tuyvel! I vant shustice, not chokes. I vant to knock the tog's brains out; and if de mare vont gif me one baper for to do um, I knocks his brains out anyhow."

"The mayor's brains?"

"Nein, te tog!" roared the excited Teuton, and turned to leave the office, but met at the door the mayor, who had just returned from his dinner. That officer promptly gave him an order to execute the vicious animal.

As he was leaving the office, he encountered the impassive Tom.

"All right now?" inquired he.

"Yah! all right; I coes right off to te owner of te tog und kills em."

"What, the owner?"

"No, te tog! Look here, Misther Tom, you make tam fools mit yourself py saying tog ven I means man, and saying man ven I means tog. Now you kin yust co to the tuyvel!" and the German departed.

### Anecdote of Dr. Franklin.

His peculiar talent was that of illustrating subjects by opposite anecdotes. After the news of the destruction of the stamped paper in America had arrived in England, the ministry sent for the doctor to consult with; and, in conclusion, offered this proposal:

"That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c., the Parliament would then repeal the Act."

The doctor having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:

"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there—

"'*Hah! Monsieur, voulez-vous* give me de *plaisir*, de *satisfaction*, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?'

"'My body!' replied the Englishman; 'what do you mean?'

"'*Vel, den*, only so far,' marking about six inches.

"'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.'

"'*Vel den*,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner, 'vil you, my good sire, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and *expense* of heating this poker'"

WHY HE FELT BAD.—A black servant was once found by his mistress in the kitchen giving way to a series of b'hoos, accompanied by a copious flood of tears.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter with you?" asked the kind-hearted lady.

Tom replied, "Dey sez my brodder—b'hoo—hab been and gone and mar'd a white woman—b'hoo!"

"I should think you would be glad of it, Tom," rejoined she.

"Why, missus, I feel jes bad 'bout my brodder marr'n a white gal as you'd feel 'f your brodder mar'd a cullud lady."

A LANDLORD in Maine, by the name of Cram, has his name on the plates used at his table. A bulky, though evidently hungry individual, after waiting impatiently at the dinner table, the other day, for the raising of the "kivers," after soup, cast his eyes upon his plate and exclaimed, with a drawling growl: "*Cram!* Well, jest bring along yer vittles, and see if I don't do it." A roar of laughter followed from the guests.

ENERGETIC WAY OF TAKING EXERCISE IN HOT WEATHER.

"Yes, generally come and sit here for an hour after breakfast. One must have exercise, you know."

## Arnold's Treason.

We extract from the address of Professor Coppee, delivered to the graduating class of West Point, a graphic version of the treason of Benedict Arnold, which as one of the most impressive lessons of history, cannot be too frequently reviewed by American youth, or hearkened to by men of mature years:

And now, gentlemen, let me spend the very short time allotted to mein elaborating one thought of common interest to cadets. I find the text in the words of our immortal Washington, and a few statistics of the Revolutionary history, doubtless well known to you all, must be given to elucidate it. On the 22d of September, 1780, General Arnold returned from his interview with Major Andre, at and near the house of Joshua Hett Smith, to Beverly, and then made all preliminary arrangements for the surrender of this post, but without, as far as is known, taking any one into his confidence. On the 24th the British were to come up the river and take West Point. This was well timed, as Washington was not expected to return from Hartford until the 26th. Most unexpectedly, however, he changed his plans and returned through Duchess County to Fishkill on the 24th. He stayed that night with the French ambassador, who was there, and in happy ignorance of the shaky treason, whose final coil was being wound; he took saddle before dawn of the 25th, in order to reach General Arnold's headquarters in time to breakfast with the General and Mrs. Arnold, and then to inspect the works at West Point. Some soldiers had gone before with Washington's baggage, to announce his purpose to Arnold; but as he approached Arnold's house, he turned off toward the river. Lafayette, who was riding with him, exclaimed, "General, that is the wrong way; you know Mrs. Arnold is waiting for us." Washington replied, in a pleasant way, "All the young men are in love with Mrs. Arnold," and added, "Go and take your breakfast, and tell Mrs. Arnold not to wait for me; that I will be there by-and-by." So the staff went to Arnold's house and took breakfast, the countenance of the host, cold-blooded as was the man, being unable to conceal his secret trouble and misgivings. The British had not come, and there were no tidings. Washington had arrived two days sooner than he was expected.

While at breakfast, Lieutenant Allen, of Arnold's command, came in with a letter. It was from below. He tore it open, expecting to read news of the enemy's movement up the river. Horror and astonishment; the tidings were from Major Jameson, that Major Andre was in his hands, a prisoner and a spy. Leaping from his seat, he announced to his guests that an urgent message called for his presence at West Point; and he left that as a message, should General Washington arrive before his return; he would return, he said, as soon as possible. He then went to his wife's room, and sent for her. In a few words he announced the necessity of going at once to the British lines. Leaving her in a swoon on the floor, he rushed out, mounted one of the horses of Washington's cavalcade in waiting at the door, galloped down a steep pathway to Beverly dock, got into his six-oared barge, and ordered the oarsmen to pull with a will for Teller's Point, promising them an extra ration of rum and a reward in money, and telling them that he was hurrying that he might transact his business there and return without delay to meet General Washington. As they passed Teller's Point, and neared the Vulture man-of-war, he spread his white handkerchief as a flag of truce, and reached the British ship, a traitor, in safety—a villain under protection which could not fail. It was a race for life, and he won it.

Just after Arnold's flight Washington arrived at Beverly. On being told that Arnold had gone to West Point, he took a hasty breakfast, and hurried over to meet him there. As the boat approached the landing, Washington was surprised to find that there was no salute, and no guard turned out to receive him. Indeed, the commanding officer, Colonel Lamb, of the artillery, was leisurely strolling down the path as the barge landed. Confused when he saw the General-in-Chief, he stammered out, "Had I any idea your Excellency was coming, I would have given you a proper reception." "Sir," exclaimed Washington, "is not Gen. Arnold here?" "No, sir. He has not been here these two days, and I have not heard from him in that time." Astonished, and recurring to his old suspicions, Washington inspected the works, and returned about noon to Arnold's house. There Hamilton met him with the proofs of the treason, all the papers taken in Andre's boot, which had by this time arrived. The messenger had arrived just four hours after Arnold's escape. Looking around him, he turned to Knox and Lafayette, and said, in a solemn, almost heart-broken manner: "Whom can we trust now?"

### THE WORLD IS GREAT.

The world is great: the birds all fly from me,
The stars are golden fruit upon a tree
All out of reach: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

The world is great: I tried to mount the hill
Above the pines, where the light lies so still,
But it rose higher: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

The world is great: the wind comes rushing by,
I wonder where it comes from: sea birds cry,
And hurt my heart: my little sister went,
And I am lonely.

The world is great: the people laugh and talk,
And make loud holiday: how fast they walk!
I'm lame, they push me: little Lisa went,
And I am lonely.

—*The Spanish Gypsy.*

### Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing. A man is what his wife makes him. It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry in your own religion.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action, which was done with a good motive and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth is in the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never taunt with a past mistake.

Neglect the whole world beside, rather than one another.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is a meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence; besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

### Puzzling Name.

An Englishman on the continent had hired a smart travelling servant. On arriving at an inn one evening, knowing the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as an "English gentleman of independent property."

"But how have you down my name?"

"I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from milor's portmanteau."

"But it is not there. Bring me the book."

What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself: "Monsieur Warrantedsolid-leather."

IN the harbor of San Francisco a wave struck a fishing-boat, and overboard went two disciples of Ike Walton. Some parties who happened to be in a boat close by went to their assistance, and rescued the half-drowned pair. On being questioned how the accident occurred, they replied—

"We didn't capsize; we only went down to see why the darn fish wouldn't bite."

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Horse Speed.

FROM "TURF, FIELD AND FARM."

Why is it that men will exaggerate the speed of their horses? Are they ashamed of a three or a three and a half minute gait? Is four minutes so slow that they can walk faster than it; or do they aspire to the incomparable time of Dexter? I know men who own good horses—horses that can make their mile in three minutes single, or in three and one half minutes to the pole. They can make this time straight and honest, without a falter or a break; and yet these men, the owners of such superior horses (for I call horses that can make such time superior horses) appear to be ashamed of it, and call them 2:40 horses. Why cannot men tell the truth about their horses? Because Dexter has made 2:17, or Flora Temple 2:19¾, honest, is it necessary that their horses should approach somewhat near this time to be worth anything? Every horse cannot be the king of the turf, any more than every man can be President of the United States.

To illustrate this mania which seems to possess men, I will relate an incident. It was only Thursday of last week that I accompanied a friend from New York to look at a horse that the owner said could trot a mile in 2:50. The bourse was a magnificent bay, full sixteen hands high, with flowing mane and tail and lofty carriage, and his action was superb. He was as perfect a piece of horseflesh as it has been my pleasure to look upon in many days—price only $500. We went out on to the track to see him perform. The horse was driven to a light skeleton wagon, and after the man had jogged him around the track a few times, I thought I should like to see him speeded.

"How fast has that horse trotted?" I asked.

"He can trot in 2:50," replied the man, in a confident and proud tone, as he tapped the spirited beast with his whip, causing him to dance and snort and show himself to perfection.

"In 2:50, I believe you said," I replied, as I deliberately took out my timer.

"Yes, in 2:50."

"Will you speed him for us?" I asked. I saw the man scowl as he looked at the watch in my hand, and he said,

"He made that time on a half-mile track, and this is only a quarter-mile track."

"Very well; we will make allowances."

Well, to cut the matter short, that horse trotted in 4:10, and could not have travelled faster than four minutes on any track in the country. The horse was worth all that was asked for him, just for style and action, so my friend bought him, and is now using him in a coupe.

We have a good many fast horses in this section, none that go slower than 2:50, if you take their owners' word for it; but my 3:30 horse can pass the majority of them, and beat them so far that it must be disheartening to these would-be fast ones.

I overheard a gentleman considered authority on all matters connected with the horse, a man who pretends to be perfectly familiar with the turf, make a statement that he wouldn't give one cent for a horse that could not travel faster than three minutes; and that same gentleman, I understand—in fact, I am creditably informed—has not got one horse that, put under the watch, can trot so fast, and he claims to be the owner of horses that trot 'way down in the forties. I know a team—clippers, I assure you—that are a good 3:15 team, the owner of which publicly boasts that they can travel twenty miles in one hour and not draw a long breath. How absurd, how preposterous are such statements! Can a man, who pretends to be a horseman and well versed in sporting matters, be ignorant of the fact that some of the fastest trotters that ever trod the American turf have failed to accomplish this remarkable feat? Yet in view of all these facts, men will persist in telling these unconscionable stories of speed. If their horses are such wonderful steeds, if they can trot at such a terrific pace, why do they not bring them out and carry off some of the prizes?

While I am an admirer of everything pertaining to the horse and to the turf, I yet must deprecate the pernicious habit some men have of magnifying the rate of speed of horses. We see men daily who say their horses can trot away down in the thirties, yet when they enter them for races they tremble when they are matched against three minute horses. Other men make their idle boasts, but never substantiate their statements by a public trial of speed. If they are so very fast, why keep their light hidden under a bushel?

I admire modesty in men, but braggadocia fills me with disgust. It is only now and then that we see a horse that travels faster than '40. Occasionally a new star appears upon the turf and electrifies the world by his brilliant performances, but the majority of trotters in the hands of gentlemen cannot trot faster than three minutes, and there are more of these so-called fast ones that trot nearer four minutes than they do near three; but even if they make this time they are obliged to keep in motion.

How many men that talk with such *nonchalance* of driving their horses at a '30 gait, have ridden at that rapid rate? Not many. Let one of these '30 boasters ride once after an honest '30 trotter, and he will go home disgusted with his own and everybody else's horse. Men should remember that it is not the horse that makes the most "fuss" that is the fastest, but the horse that gets over the most ground in the quickest time.

## RECEIPTS.

BAKED CHICKEN PUDDING.—Cut up a pair of young chickens and season them with pepper and salt, a little mace, and nutmeg. Put them into a saucepan with two large spoonfuls of butter, and water enough to cover them. Stew them gently, and when about half cooked, take them out, and set them aside to cool. Pour off the gravy and reserve it to be served up separately. Make a batter as if for a pudding of 1 lb. of sifted flour stirred gradually into a quart of milk, and add by degrees to the mixture six eggs well beaten and a little salt. Put a layer of chicken in the bottom of a deep dish and pour over it some of the batter; then another layer of chicken, some more batter, and so on, till the dish is full, covering the top with batter. Bake it till it is brown, then break an egg into the gravy which was put aside, give it a boil and send it to table in a sauce-boat to eat with the pudding.

A SAVORY CHICKEN PIE.—Choose three spring chickens, taking care that they are tender, and not too large; draw them, and season them with pounded mace, pepper and salt, and put a large lump of fresh butter into each of them. Lay them in a pie-dish with the breasts upwards, and lay at the top of each two thin slices of bacon; these will give them a pleasant flavor. Boil four eggs hard, cut them into pieces, which lay about and among the chickens; also a few mushrooms. Pour a pint of good gravy into the dish, cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake in a moderate oven.

BLACKBERRY FLUMMERY.—Stew three pints of blackberries with one pint of sugar, soak a tea-cup full of ground rice, and when the berries have been stewing about fifteen minutes, stir in the rice, and stir the whole time until it becomes thick. This should be eaten cold with cream, and will keep two days.

## THE RIDDLER.

### Enigma.

I am composed of seven letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a title of nobility.
My 1, 2, 4, is an animal.
My 1, 2, 5, is an animal.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a verb.
My 7, 6, is a term in music.
My 7, 6, 5, is what we should not do.
My 7, 4, 5, is part of the body.
My 7, 4, 3, 1, is what we should be willing to do.
My 7, 2, 5, is found in the woods.
My 3, 4, 1, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a town in Pennsylvania.

W. H. MORROW.

*Irwin Station, Pa.*

### Double Rebus.

An illustrious Roman historian.
Our common mother.
An ancient Grecian state.
An Admiral in the U. S. Navy.
My initials form a word signifying action, my finals a division of time.
My whole is what this year is.

*Brinkley's Station, O.* EVA.

### Riddle.

My 1st is in rose, but not in leaf.
My 2d is in house, but not in fief.
My 3d is in shore, but not in river.
My 4th is in arrow, but not in quiver.
My 5th is in when, but not in where.
My 6th is in tearing, but not in tear.
My 7th is in madam, but not in miss.
And the name of a lady is answer to this.

AMICUS.

### Problem.

The sum of the squares of the extremes of four numbers in arithmetical progression is 200, and the sum of the squares of the means 136. What are the numbers?

W. H. MORROW.

*Irwin Station, Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Probability Problem.

If a person draws four cards from a whole pack, what is the probability that he has one of each sort? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

*Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Problem.

Four times the square of my age is equal to the cube of one-half of my age.

Required—my age.

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

*West Milton, Miami Co., O.*

☞ An answer is requested.

### Conundrums.

☞ What point do people almost always overlook? Ans.—The point of the nose.

☞ Why is an egg overboiled and underboiled the same thing? Ans.—Because it is hardly boiled.

☞ What does measles make on its first appearance? Ans.—A "rash" promise.

☞ In what does the strength of cheese consist? Ans.—Its mite.

### Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. REBUS—Adelaide Ristori. (Andersonville, Dover, Erie, Loire, Alexandria, Italy, Dublin, Euphrates, Rio Janeiro, Iowa, Salem, Trinity, Oceanica, Rock, Itasca.)

Artemas Martin says that he has received but one solution to his "Prize Problem," published May 30, and that one is not correct. The time is hereby extended to September 25.

TO PRESERVE GREENGAGES.—The following receipt appears to be a good one:—Pick and prick all the plums, put them into a preserving-pan, with cold water enough to cover them; let them remain on the fire until the water simmers well; then take off, and allow them to stand until half cold, putting the plums to drain. To every pound of plums allow one pound of sugar, which must be boiled in the water from which the plums have been taken; let it boil very fast until the syrup drops short from the spoon, skimming carefully all the time. When the sugar is sufficiently boiled, put in the plums and allow them to boil until the sugar covers the pan with large bubbles; then pour the whole into a pan, and let them remain until the following day; drain the syrup from the plums as dry as possible, boil it up quickly, and pour it over the plums; then set them by; do this a third and a fourth time. On the fifth day, when the syrup is boiled, put the plums into it, and let them boil for a few minutes; then put them into jars. Should the greengages be over-ripe, it will be better to make jam of them, using three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Warm the jars before putting the sweetmeats in, and be careful not to boil the sugar to a candy.

GREENGAGE JAM.—When the plums are throughly ripe, take off the skins, stone, weigh, and boil them quickly without sugar for fifty minutes, keeping them well stirred; then to every four pounds of fruit add three of loaf sugar reduced quite to powder, boil the preserve from five to eight minutes longer, and clear off the scum perfectly before it is poured into the jars. When the flesh of the fruit will not separate easily from the stones, weigh, and throw the plums whole into the preserving-pan, boil them to a pulp, pass them through a sieve, and deduct the weight of the stones from them when apportioning the sugar to the jam.

MELTED BUTTER.—Keep a pint stewpan for this purpose only. Cut two ounces of butter into little bits, that it may melt more easily, and mix more readily; put it into the stewpan with a large teaspoonful of flour, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. When thoroughly mixed, add six tablespoonfuls of water; hold it over the fire, and shake it round every minute (all the while the same way) till it just begins to simmer; then let it stand quietly and boil up. It should be of the thickness of good cream.

A CHEAP GREEN PEA SOUP.—Two quarts of green peas, a piece of lean ham, some bones from roast meat; two onions sliced, two lettuces cut fine, a few sprigs of parsley, a bunch of sweet herbs; put them to stew in two quarts of cold water, and let it simmer gently. When quite tender, strain it, and pulp the peas and other vegetables through a sieve. Put it on the fire again, with pepper and salt, and about a pint of milk. Serve with fried bread cut into small dice.